

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

NO. 13.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:16 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.
Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:40, 7:15, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:21 P. M.
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:05, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:21 P. M.
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:53, 11:23.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sun-
days, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:05 12:20
" South..... 4:15

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 6:30 4:30
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every
Sunday in Grace Church. Morning
service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at
7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See
local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every
Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 435, Woodmen
of the World, meets every Wednesday
evening at Journeymen Butchers'
Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSINATOR
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

Explosion in a Coal Mine.

Walsenburg (Col.)—A courier has
just arrived here from Pictou, a coal-
mining camp, located three miles from
Walsenburg, bringing news that a ter-
rible explosion occurred in one of the
mines operated by the Colorado Fuel
and Iron Company at that place Tues-
day morning, in which six men were
instantly killed and ten or more
wounded, many of them perhaps fat-
ally. The mine immediately caught
fire and is now a seething furnace.
Among the dead are Frank Marquis
Jr., son of a well-known business man
of this city, and Harry Phipps, a
brother of Superintendent Phipps of
the Pictou mines.

The explosion was caused by a large
amount of gas which had accumulated
in the mine during the night. At 5
o'clock in the morning a gang of min-
ers entered one of the chambers in
which the gas had accumulated. A
terrific explosion followed, killing six
men and maiming many others.

Stole Money and Lost It on Races.

St. Louis.—The investigation of the
books of the late H. C. Tatum, secre-
tary and treasurer of the Western Na-
tional Travelers' Association, who re-
cently committed suicide, shows a
shortage of about \$16,000. It was
stated that Tatum confessed before the
examination of his books commenced
that a shortage would be found and
said it had all gone on the races.

Big Harness Races Arranged.

New York.—Articles of agreement
were signed for two match races for
\$20,000 a side between Thomas W.
Lawson's Borluma, E. E. Smather's
Lord Derby and John J. Scannell's The
Abbott. The Borluma-Lord Derby race
will take place first. It is agreed that
not less than two weeks shall elapse
between the races.

ITEMS FROM EAST.

NORTH AND SOUTH

Important Happenings of the Week Told in Brief Telegrams.

Mrs. Rebecca Belle Yates, alias Eddy,
a noted clairvoyant, has been arraigned
in Detroit on an indictment found against
her in 1897, charging use of the mails
in a scheme to defraud. She waived ex-
amination and was committed to jail in
default of \$1,000 bail. The indictment
alleges that Mrs. Yates opened a cor-
respondence with Mrs. Cordelia L. Com-
mon of Cleveland, Ohio, and represented
to her that through spirits she had learn-
ed of real estate and money in Detroit
which legally belong to Mrs. Common.
Mrs. Yates offered to secure the property
and money for Mrs. Common.

A dispatch from Lewiston, Montana,
near the scene of the reported diamond
discoveries, says that according to Clif-
ford Deo, the discoverer, the fields cover
an area of fifteen miles long and four
miles wide. Deo brought in a large
number of the stones, which he found on
the side of an ant hill. Some of the
stones that were examined and thorough-
ly tested by a mineralogist were pro-
nounced sapphires of an excellent qual-
ity, similar to the white sapphires found
in the Yogo district, which are now
shipped to London.

Professor Charles W. Pearson of the
chair of English literature in the North-
western University, which is conducted
under Methodist auspices, has thrown a
bomb into the ranks of Methodism in
Evanson, the seat of the university, by
giving out for publication a statement
of his belief that Biblical infallibility is
a superstitious and hurtful tradition, and
that Biblical stories of Christ's bringing
the dead to life, of his walking on the
water and of feeding the multitude with
loaves and fishes, are mere poetic fan-
cies, incredible and untrue.

Secretary Hay has received a telegram
from William I. Buchanan, president of
the United States delegation at the Pan-
American Congress, fully confirming the
press reports that a complete understand-
ing has been reached on the question of
arbitration before the congress. This sub-
ject was the only one promising serious
difficulty in adjustment and the offi-
cials are now satisfied that the congress
will be a success. It is expected that,
with this last obstacle removed, such
rapid progress will be made in fixing the
final protocol and of securing the signa-
tures of the delegates that the congress
will be able to adjourn within the present
month.

Great heroism was displayed by the
elevator boy in a Chicago seven-story
apartment building which was burned
last week. Sixty women and children
were in the building when the flames
were discovered. About half of them
were on the top floor at luncheon, and
they were thrown into a panic. Otto
Bola, the elevator boy, however, suc-
ceeded in making several trips through
the smoke and flames and carried all of
them to safety. The last one out of the
building was a paralytic, whom the el-
evator boy carried to his car and later
into the air.

American soldiers in the Philippines
must shoot with more accuracy. This is
the burden of an order recently issued
by General Chaffee, copies of which have
been received at the War Department.
The General points out that as the un-
avoidable result of the lack of regular
target practice both officers and men in
the division of the Philippines have fallen
far below the desirable proficiency in
this most important of a soldier's qualifi-
cations. To the end indicated General
Chaffee has ordered a number of exer-
cises to be performed by all the enlisted
men of the army of the Philippines, us-
ing the carbine or rifle.

Because he publicly declared his in-
tention to assassinate President Roose-
velt when his army term expired and for
indorsing the crime of Czolgosz, Private
Frank Rakowski of the artillery, station-
ed at Fort Canby, was publicly de-
graded and sentenced to ten years' im-
prisonment on Alcatraz island. Some
days before Christmas Rakowski was in
a saloon in Chinook, where the assassi-
nation of President McKinley was men-
tioned. Rakowski was, at the time wear-
ing his uniform, and, being under the
influence of liquor, made the following
statement: "President McKinley got
what he deserved. My time of enlist-
ment in the army will soon expire. When
it does I'll see that President Roose-
velt gets the same dose Czolgosz gave
McKinley." But for the intervention of
officers of the peace Rakowski would
have been killed on the spot. A court-
martial was held and the prisoner was
found guilty. The sentence imposed was
dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all
pay and allowances and confinement on
Alcatraz for ten years.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The total of 119 fatalities in the Swiss
Alps constitutes the record for the year
1901, and is double the number of fatali-
ties in 1900. Chamonix is the principal
center from which the death of mountain
climbers has been announced.

The Scotland Yard officials have been
notified by the Commissioner of Police
of New York that a large gang of
swindlers are gradually making their
way to London in batches. Full descrip-
tions of the members of the gang have
been supplied to the British police.

Philippe Marchetti, the composer, is
dead. He was born in 1831. His mus-
ical education was received at the Naples
Conservatory under Lillo and Conti, and
for many years he was director of the
Academy of Music in Rome. His most
notable works are "Romeo et Juliette,"
"Ruy Blas" and "Don Giovanni d'Aus-
tria."

A cable to the New York Sun from
London says: Europe does not credit
the German Emperor with disinterested
motives in sending Prince Henry to the
United States and inviting the daughter
of President Roosevelt to christen the
royal yacht. Diplomats of other courts
are most regretfully acknowledging that
William has made a master political
stroke amid a chorus of jealous antag-
onism to the United States.

Marie Corelli, in a letter to an English
paper, caps the climax of the anti-
German feeling existing in England. She
declains passionately against the simi-
larity of the new British army uniforms
with those of the German army. "Bear-
ing in mind," she writes, "the absolutely
criminal offense against our King, by
the vile prints circulated in Germany, is
it justified or justifiable to insult our
brave officers by compelling them to wear
any uniform, even remotely resembling
that worn by admitted slanderers of our
King, army and country?" Marie Cor-
elli admits that it is scarcely necessary
to allude to the "widespread indignation
which prevails everywhere at the color
and design of the new postage stamps,
which are so essentially German in ap-
pearance."

Minister Wu called upon Secretary
Hay last week in connection with the
restoration to the Chinese Government
of the value of the silver bullion,
amounting to \$376,600, which was cap-
tured by the American marines at Tien-
tsin, forming part of the revenues of the
salt customs. This money would have
been restored long ago, and, indeed, Sec-
retary Long had contemplated turning it
over soon after it fell into the possession
of the marines, but in the disorganized
state of the Chinese Government there
was no official to whom it could be
handed. Mr. Wu has now been ordered
by his Government to receive this money,
and it will be given him in the shape of
a draft on the treasury, where the money
is deposited, which may be readily ex-
changed for bills on Shanghai.

A cable from Paris says: Liberte
prints in italics an alarmist special dis-
patch from Nancy, which states that
there has been an extraordinary strength-
ening of the German forces at Metz, thirty-
five miles away, and that great
quantities of supplies have been ac-
cumulated there. A French officer de-
clared that the French Intelligence De-
partment was very much alarmed at
those preparations, which were out of
all proportions to what was necessary to
keep the German garrison on a peace
footing. The Temps says that all State
alliances are on an unstable equilibrium.
It notes that no great success has at-
tended the advances of England to Rus-
sia. The paper says some people dream
of a quadruple alliance between Eng-
land, Italy, Russia and France, and
others of an agreement between Eng-
land and Japan. The Temps adds that
recent advances of Emperor William
toward America are very significant.

A cable to the World from Sofia says:
The leaders of the brigands who have
been holding Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka
prisoners for twenty weeks have finally
accepted in writing the conditions for
the release of the captives prescribed by
the agents who have been negotiating for
the women's freedom. These agents
are Rev. Dr. W. W. Peet, treasurer of
the American missionary station in Con-
stantinople and the dragoman of the
United States Legation in Turkey. These
two men left Constantinople December
17th and for one month have been un-
derstanding with the bandits. The brig-
ands waived their original demand that
the ransom should be paid on Bulgarian
soil, and will accept it in Macedonia,
which is Turkish territory. This is sup-
posed to relieve the Government of Bul-
garia from liability for indemnity cov-
ering the ransom paid, and perhaps heavy
damages besides, actual and punitive. It
is understood that Rev. Dr. Peet has \$61-
000 in Turkish gold to hand over to the
brigands in exchange for the liberation
of Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka.

COAST NEWS IN

CONDENSED FORM

Items of Interest From Every Section of the Pacific Slope.

The British cruisers Phaeton and
Egeria have been ordered to search for
the missing sloop-of-war Condor.

Considerable excitement prevails at
Dawson over the striking of a second
bedrock on El Dorado creek thirty feet
beneath the first. The gravel runs from
\$1 to \$5 to the pan. Circle City, once
the leading mining camp in the north,
is now deserted except by storekeepers,
all having stampeded to Good Pasture
creek, in the Tanana country, where
rich gravel has been discovered.

Captain Fleet, senior officer on the
British Esquimalt station, suggests that
the overdue sloop-of-war Condor is no
doubt sailing to Honolulu, having used
up her coal, owing to the extra labor
entailed on her engines by the severe
storm on the night of January 3d. He
points out that it is rarely indeed that
a British man-of-war is swamped by a
sea, no matter how heavy the storm.

The Salem (Or.) Journal says that out
of a crop of over 65,000 bales of hops
in Oregon there are less than 3,000 bales
in growers' hands, and all of these men
are firm holders. Two lots of hops ag-
gregating over 160 bales were sold a
few days ago at Hubbard to a local buy-
er at 11 cents, and it is reported on good
authority that the same figure was de-
clined by a pool of Dayton growers,
who confidently expect to get 12-1/2
cents just after the holidays. Hops that
went begging six weeks ago at 9 to 9 1/2
cents per pound are eagerly sought af-
ter to-day at 11 cents.

The San Luis Obispo Tribune says
that the yield of beans in the Arroyo
Grande valley during the past season
was the largest in the history of the
county and the harvest was not finished
until late in October. The wheat crop in
Cholame valley and on the Estrella
plains in the northeastern part of the
county has not been equalled in the past
fifteen years. All the warehouses were
filled and a large portion of the crop has
already found its way to market. From
present indications the acreage to be
sown to grain for the season of 1902
will be much larger than that of any
past season. Much of the land in the
eastern part of the county which in pre-
vious years has been utilized for stock
ranges, will be brought under cultivation
through the encouragement offered by
last season's crop.

In the vicinity of Orick, Humboldt
County, a wild man of the woods has
been seen. His appearance was first not-
ed Sunday, when Will Babcock, hear-
ing an unfamiliar noise in the brush,
made an investigation, and thinking it
was a bear, fired one shot into the
brush. He was surprised at seeing a
white man emerge from the bushes on all
fours. Mrs. Babcock was standing a
short distance away, and the man,
catching sight of her, made a dash as if
to attack the defenseless woman, but be-
ing shot at again, turned and fled into
the brush. That night the wild man at-
tempted to force an entrance into the
Babcock house. Failing to gain an en-
trance at the door, he tried a window.
Babcock fired a shot through the window
and the prowler ran for the woods. The
Babcock family vacated the house next
day. The wild man has twice been seen
in that vicinity. A searching party has
been organized in Orick, and with dogs
the man is being hunted.

An official approximate estimate is
issued by the Provincial Bureau of Mines
makes the mineral output of British Col-
umbia for the last year \$20,713,000, an
increase of 25 per cent. over the preced-
ing year. There is a decrease in placer
gold owing to a shortage of water dur-
ing the season, but there is an increase
in the output of all metals excepting
lead, low prices in this ore being the
cause for this last. The total out-
put of ore from the lode mines was 872-
000 tons, an increase of over 57 per cent.
Copper shows an increase of 206 per
cent, lode gold 36 per cent. and silver
14 per cent. The output is as follows in
round figures: Gold, 43,000 ounces,
value \$892,000; gold (lode), 228,000
ounces, value \$4,700,000; silver, 4,700-
000 ounces, value \$2,600,000; copper,
31,000,000 pounds, value \$4,900,000;
lead, 50,000,000 pounds, value \$2,000-
000; coal, 1,500,000 tons, value \$4,800-
000; coke, 135,000 pounds, value \$700-
000; other minerals, \$300,000; total
value, \$20,700,000.

Factory Collapses and Many Die.

Belfast.—A wall of the Smithfield
flax mills collapsed Monday, burying
the operatives, who included many
women. It is learned that thirteen
persons were killed and fifty injured.

CHAMBERLAIN IN DEFENSE OF WAR.

He Declares That the Boers Will Never Se-
cure Kitchener's Terms Again.

London.—The first important debate
of the session began in the House of
Commons Monday on an amendment
moved by Frederick Cowley, Liberal,
to the address in reply to the speech
from the throne. The debate called
out Mr. Chamberlain, who spoke vig-
orously in defense of the Boer war.
He made the significant statement that
if Lord Roseberry's speech intimated
that the Boers believed they could win
a repetition of Lord Kitchener's terms
he wished to inform them that they
were mistaken.

Mr. Chamberlain asserted, however,
that the Government's programme was
not one of extermination. The Boers,
he said, had already been offered terms
the liberality of which surprised even
England's most adverse critics. Since
they had been rejected the Government
did not purpose to embarrass itself
with a further specific offer.

Mr. Labouchere (Liberal) declined to
support the amendment of Mr. Cowley
because it pledged the Liberals to vote
supplies for the war.

John Dillon (Irish Nationalist) pro-
posed to omit that clause of the amend-
ment providing funds to carry on the
war and to add a clause denouncing
the policy of the concentration camps.
This was rejected by a vote of 262 to
64.

TRYING TO MATCH DENVER ED MARTIN.

Billy Madden Hopes to Arrange a Contest
With Jim Jeffries.

New York.—Billy Madden expects to
clinch a match in a few days between
Champion Jim Jeffries and "Denver"
Ed. Martin, his big colored heavy-
weight, and if nothing intervenes the
contest will be held at San Francisco
some time in March.

A few days ago Madden received a
letter from a well-known boxing pro-
moter in San Francisco, in which it
was said that there is at present con-
siderable opposition to having Sharkey
face Jeffries there in April. The
sports, the letter further says, do not
take kindly to Sharkey, owing to his
contest with Fitzsimmons some years
ago, and his subsequent defeats by
Ruhlin and the Cornishman.

Although Jeffries has repeatedly said
that he would not tackle a colored man
for the championship when there are
plenty of available white men in the
field, it is believed that he will be
forced to change his mind eventuall.
From present indications it appears
that a match between Jeffries and Fitz-
simmons is as remote as ever and with
the chances of a match between Shar-
key being canceled, Jeffries may have
to return to Martin as an opponent.

SUING FOR AN ISLAND.

Andrew Carnegie Involved in a Two-Million
Dollar Suit.

New York.—Andrew Carnegie will be
made a party to a suit for property val-
ued at \$2,000,000, which will be brought
against the wife of his brother by heirs of
Robert Stafford, the sea island cotton
king. Papers in the action have just
been prepared in this city. The suit will
be to secure title to Cumberland island,
off the coast of Georgia, which Carnegie
and his sister-in-law have made a beau-
tiful park and midsea home. The fact
that the Stafford heirs had any claim to
the property was discovered by accident.

In the papers on file in the case it is
alleged that Robert Stafford bought the
island now in dispute in 1848. He had
\$300 at that time and went to the island
to raise cotton. In the second year of
his work there he was married. His
wife was Elizabeth Barnaby, famed as
"The White Slave." She was employed
by a Georgia planter and her ancestors
were white, but she had been sold into
slavery and an action was pending at
the time to secure her freedom. Robert
Stafford fell in love with her, purchased
her freedom and made her his wife. It
is the descendants of this woman and
Robert Stafford who are now contend-
ing for the \$2,000,000. The property
was sold by an executor of the Stafford
estate. Attorneys made a trip to St.
Mary's, where the deed was on file. The
deed is clearly defective, they say. The
Carnegies paid \$45,000 for the island.

To Make Oklahoma a State.

Washington.—Representative Stev-
ens of Texas Tuesday introduced a bill
for the union of Oklahoma and Indian
Territory as a State, to be known as
the State of Oklahoma.

To Bar Out Smoking Opium.

Washington.—Senator Mason Wed-
nesday introduced a bill prohibiting
the importation of opium for smoking
purposes into the United States.

Big Shortage on the Books.

Cincinnati.—Sensational reports
were published here Wednesday of an
alleged shortage in the books of Theo-
dore Braemer, who resigned last Sun-
day as secretary and treasurer of the
J. & F. Scroth Packing Company of this
city. The story as first published
alleged a shortage of from \$180,000 to
\$400,000, extending over a period of
twenty years, and declared that Brae-
mer had turned over all of his property
and chattels in trust pending an exam-
ination of the books by experts. Brae-
mer denied that there was any defalcation,
but admitted that he had turned
over \$72,000 in personal property to
Harlan Cleveland, his attorney, and
Joseph W. O'Hara, attorney for the J.
& F. Scroth Company.

Chicago University Story Denied.

Morgan Park (Ill.)—Dr. William R.
Harper, president of the University of
Chicago, in an interview relative to the
public statement that \$26,000,000
was to be given to the University by
John Rockefeller, said: "The story
published this morning was by one of
the students of the University, and is
false from beginning to end. Mr.
Rockefeller has no thought of any such
gift and we know that he has not.
The university could not use that
amount of money today if it had it."

Death of Well Known Chemist.

Louisville.—Professor Emil Scheffer,
one of the best-known chemists in the
country, died at his home in this city
Wednesday of the infirmities of old
age. He was 80 years old. In 1870
Professor Scheffer discovered the form-
ulas for making liquid pepsin and for
making the dry or powdered form of
pepsin.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store
in San Mateo County that **SELLS**
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crochery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. # #
Wood and Coal. # # #

Cumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

good
news

We have just received a
large shipment of the famous
Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most pop-
ular American whiskey in the
world.

It is a pure, old honest pro-
duct.

It is distilled from selected
grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant
combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

A man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

Happiness, like the rainbow, is hard to locate after it once gets away.

There's plenty of room at the top, but most of us want to be where the crowd is.

Man is a two-legged animal who tries to work like the other animals for a living.

Aunt Carrie has got her divorce and was also awarded the custody of the feather bed.

Justice is again accelerated by a divorce granted to a man because his wife has cold feet.

When three women sit down to talk about a new dress pattern a small boy with a toy drum is inaudible.

The Russian nihilists are continuing their policy of masterly inactivity. The Czar uses cigarettes to excess.

An American dentist has been fixing the sultan's teeth. The United States government may have to collect the bill.

A purchase of real estate in Paris for a Yankee skyscraper has alarmed Frenchmen who revere the Eiffel Tower.

King Edward's coronation rites will last four hours, during which time he will be compelled to abstain absolutely from smoking.

There are several sovereigns over here who are anxious to get a good swift kick at Prince Henry, who has been abusing Wilhelmina.

A western judge has decided that sausage is not sausage unless it is in links. We may yet have to admit that the color of the hair makes the dog.

Chicago has a 4-year-old boy who smokes strong cigars. This is bad; but let us be thankful anyway. We have no 4-year-olds who write poetry.

On Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific Ocean, mail is delivered only once a year. That must be a pleasant place for the man whose bills come by the post.

King Chulalongkorn of Siam is preparing to attend the St. Louis Exposition. It is but fair to the king to say that his headquarters will not be on the Midway.

When a man has to ask his wife for the price of a haircut, the spiritual affinity is due for a jar. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Henry and Wilhelmina of Holland are out.

That man who was supposed to be dead showed poor taste in returning just as his wife was starting on a wedding trip with another man. He might at least have permitted them to enjoy a pleasant honeymoon.

A Chicago woman has been paying money to a man to keep him from calling in evil spirits and having her carried away by them. Still, there are about two million more people in the city who have not been worked in that way.

A Philadelphia bank teller has been stricken with smallpox because he handled germ-infected currency. This is unpleasant news, but it will hardly abate the fondness of men, women and children, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, to handle money, even if it is not fresh from the mint or the bureau of engraving and printing.

The Department of Agriculture urges strongly the introduction of a new industry, the cultivation of flowers—particularly roses—for perfume-making. It is believed that in California the oil, or attar, of roses can be distilled on a scale so extensive that American perfumers may ultimately become independent of foreign producers of attar. In any event the industry, which is peculiarly adapted to the tastes of women, will be a new and large source of domestic income.

Thousands of microscopists are employed in Germany to prevent trichinosis by detecting diseased pork; but if a tenth of the money thus expended were used in dissuading people from eating raw meat, the desired result would be attained more completely. A medical journal uses this illustration to show "how science outruns statesmanship." Perhaps it should be reminded that science can deal with things as they ought to be, whereas legislators must move slowly because of the interests, habits and prejudices of people as they are.

Can you tell by the manner in which rainwater eats its way down a hillside whether the soil was originally covered with forest? If the tract of land was once wooded, can you by the same sign tell about how long it has been cleared? Such observations are full of interest. The rains make rapid work in eroding newly cleared and newly tilled land and hillside; but the prairie has reached a state of comparative equilibrium.

A young woman lingered in a store elevator the other day after it had disgorged the crowd. "Seventeen is the

limit," she said to elevator man; "you took in more than twenty." "You have collected six fares without ringing up one," said a lady to a street-car conductor. "I am responsible for two; please ring them up." "I do not care to discuss the matter here," said a tall college girl to a hackman. "I will pay you what you ask, take your number, and make investigation later." "Walters six and eleven," reported a woman to a hotel clerk, "fall to serve me civilly when I do not see them." These four complaints, all overheard in one day, seem to confirm the rumor that American good-natured indifference is waking up.

A consular report of the tests made of two American locomotives in use on a Bavarian railway says that they are found satisfactory in every respect but one. They whistle after a fashion which sounds "unearthly" to musical German ears. They screech in the way familiar to all who live near American roads instead of letting out gentle murmurs as foreign-built engines do when they wish to attract attention. It is not strange that there should be such a difference in whistles. In the United States innumerable country roads cross the railways at grade. Men and live stock trespass on the tracks, while they do not abroad. It is necessary to have some device to warn human beings and cattle that they are in danger. No better device than the ear-piercing whistle has been discovered. In the early days of American railroading the signs at road crossings read "look out for the locomotive when the bell rings." It was soon discovered that the rattling of wheels often kept a driver from hearing the soft sound of a bell, and the whistle, whose shrill sound pierces through everything, was substituted for it. It will be an easy matter for American locomotive builders to put on the engines which they send abroad the toy whistles to which foreigners are accustomed and which answer there all the purposes of a whistle.

The severe morality of modern times threatens the supremacy of one whose gray hairs alone ought to protect him—no less a personage than that archgiver, Santa Claus. It has been decided by many wise mothers that this Christmas fiction gives children their first knowledge of hypocrisy and deceit, and that there is an unbecoming skepticism about the young man of seven or eight who has outlived the St. Nicholas delusion and a certain air of contemptuous pity towards other victims of this deceit. Moreover, they declare that it is demoralizing to make an idol of one whose only virtue is a reckless habit of gift-giving and about whose other habits little is known. Yet on the other hand it has never been proved that those who have been thus amiably deluded were any the worse for the deception in after life, and, in fact, many who have outlived all delusions love to hug to themselves the memory of their faith in this giver of good gifts. Of course the saint himself has felt his power weakening in late years and he has lived to see automobiles preferred to reindeer as a means of locomotion and to have his travels through chimneys marred by the odors from gas logs, yet he has persisted in his benevolent habits in spite of these drawbacks, and it seems a pity to add anything more to his pack of miseries. Parents will decide for themselves in this matter, but at present it looks as if, on the coming nights before Christmas, when "mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap" settle down for a long winter's nap, the worthy pair will not be disturbed by the clatter of Santa Claus' approach.

SKILLED IN MANY SPORTS.

Left-Handed People Are Proficient in Ways that Astonish One.

It is not wise to poke fun at a left-handed boy or girl. They may develop qualities that are unattainable by those who use their right hands preferably. Children who have fallen into this habit of using their left hands should not be taught to do violence to a strongly implanted instinct and use the right hand whether they will or no. Such a training not only inflicts upon the child a useless amount of hardship and inconvenience, but may do him serious injury, even to depriving him of the power of speech.

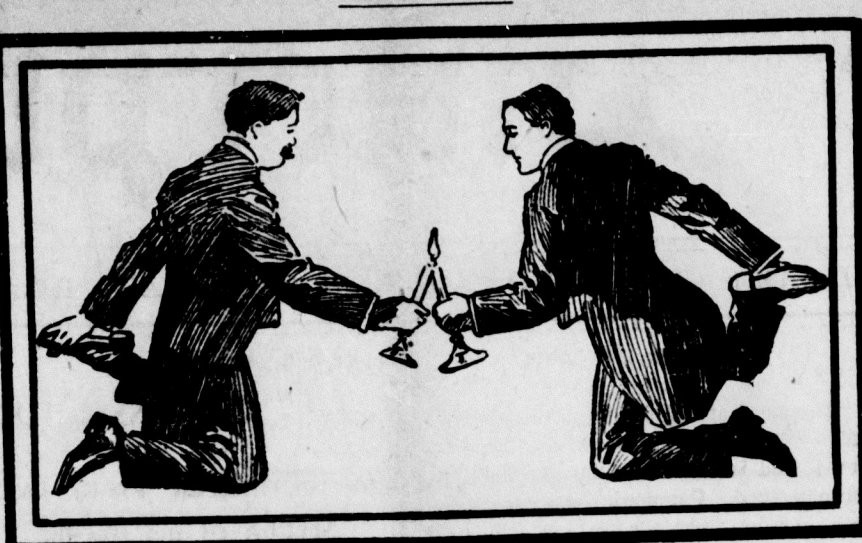
According to the latest scientific discoveries all manner of havoc may be wrought with the brain by the adoption of this mistaken method of teaching left-handed children to use the right hand. This discovery is the result of experiments lately made at the University of Chicago, which has gone more deeply into the modern subject of "child study" than most of the universities. It is Professor Smedley, director of the department of pedagogical investigation, who has made the most fruitful experiments with the left-handed.

He discovered that by far the greater majority of mothers looked upon left-handedness as a defect to be overcome at any cost and that the child was in consequence forced into a most unwholesome system of training. The greater number of children so trained, says Professor Smedley, are defective in speech. By endeavoring to substitute the use of the right hand the nice balance of the brain is disturbed and besides producing far less manual dexterity the power of speech may also be impaired.

It is also a matter of record that left-handed persons are in games of skill more proficient than those who are right-handed.

Warning from Insurance Men.
New Orleans insurance experts warn the people that the city may be burned down any time if the present careless methods of handling oil are tolerated.

NEW GAME PLAYED WITH CANDLES.



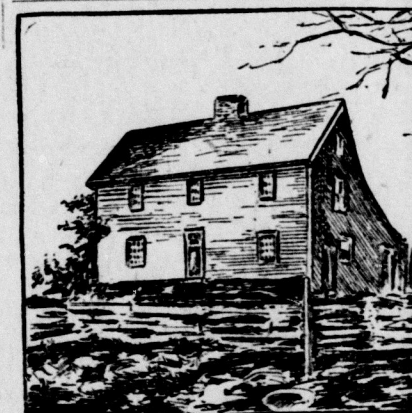
Here is a novel trick and one which never fails to afford much entertainment at an evening party. Two persons kneel on the ground at a distance of about three feet from each other, and to each is given a candle, of which one should be lighted. The right or left foot of each, as the case may be, is then to be held by his free hand, the result being that the entire weight of the body will rest on the other knee. The person holding the unlighted candle must then try to light it at the other one. That this is no easy task can very easily be ascertained.

JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Movement Started to Perpetuate Old New England Farmhouse.

An association, called the John Brown Association, has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and preserving the old homestead at Torrington, Conn., where John Brown, the noted abolitionist and martyr, was born. The house has stood untenanted for many years and relic hunters have carried away many of its fixtures, but an end is to be placed to this vandalism by the association.

The Brown homestead has been in existence a century and a half and has been the dwelling place of many families who tried to eke out an existence



JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.

from the stony and stubborn acres attached to it. In 1798 Owen Brown, father of the abolitionist, moved into it after having tried to make a living in other parts of New England. Here in 1800—on May 9, to be exact—the future martyr was born. The first five years of his life were spent within its shelter. The Browns had more or less claim to the title of sons of New England, no less than six generations having tilled its soil since the coming of the Mayflower nearly two centuries before.

In 1805 Owen Brown forsook the East and settled in Hudson, Ohio, where his son received his early education. In 1812, securing a contract to supply the army with provisions, the Brown family took up its abode in Detroit. Later the son settled in Richmond, Pa., where President Jackson appointed him postmaster.

In the subsequent stormy years of his life John Brown settled for a time in Massachusetts, but Torrington and its vicinity knew him no more. Now the people are aroused to retain the fame which the accident of birth conferred on Torrington.

DU MAURIER'S NOVELS.

Harry Furness' Talk an Indirect Cause of Their Creation.

Henry Furness, the caricaturist, writes as follows in Harper's of his acquaintance with George du Maurier: "It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the Punch table; I always sat in Du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have Du Maurier at the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met; his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing.

"Du Maurier's extremely clever conversation struck me the moment I joined the staff of Punch. As I went part of his way to Hampstead, we sometimes shared our cab, and in one of these journeys I mentioned my conviction that he, in my mind, was a great deal more than a humorous artist, and if he would only take up the pen seriously the world would be all the more indebted to him. He told me that Mr. James had for some time said nice things of a similar character. "About ten days afterward I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the world is really indebted to me, indirectly, for the pleasure of reading 'Peter Ibbetson' and 'Trilby.' The fact is that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris, the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and 'Peter Ibbetson' was the result."

HOW THE OTHER BAND WON.

They Made the "Silent" Member of a Rival Organization a Noisy One.

"I once belonged to a country band when I was a youngster," said the talkative man. "It was great sport, and no man has really lived unless he has

belonged to such an organization at some period in his life. There was a great rivalry between the band that I was a member of and one in an adjoining town. When the rivalry was at white heat a band contest was held in a neighboring town. We were both entered in the same class, and only asked for a free field and no favors.

"Now, the class that we were entered in called for bands having at least sixteen members, and the best we could do after scouring the town for talent was fifteen men who understood how to push wind through brass instruments and have it resemble music. We were in despair, until I conceived a happy idea. There was an odd character living in the town whom every one called George. He was only half-witted, and had attached himself to our band, making himself generally useful by carrying our music and taking care of our band room. My plan was to fit him out with an instrument securely corked, and trust to luck that the deception would not be noticed.

"But the plan proved a most disastrous one. A member of the rival band seeing the youth proudly carrying a horn, mistrusted what we were up to, and, getting the boy aside, he discovered the cork and pulled it out.

"When we started playing in the great contest," continued the talkative man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I became aware at once that some one was making horrible discord, and, turning around, I discovered to my horror that the half-witted youth, immensely proud of his position, was filling his instrument to the full extent of his lung power. It is hardly necessary to state that we did not win the contest."

"Moral Suasion."

A youthful supervising principal, who does not believe in corporal punishment, but in moral suasion, was summoned the other afternoon to the classroom of one of his teachers. Johnny and Tommy, the teacher complained, had been throwing pencils at one another, and she had been unable to make them stop.

"Then I will try a little moral suasion on them," the supervising principal said. "I will take them into my office, sit them down before me, and from now till half-past 5 I'll keep them throwing pencils at each other. I will also make them write the word 'pencil' 500 times, and I will make them hand me in a 300-word composition on pencil throwing."

The teacher approved with a respectful smile of this ingenious punishment. It was then 2 o'clock, and at 5 she made ready to go home. Her way led her past the principal's office, and she looked in. He sat reading at his desk, and Johnny and Tommy, the two boys, stood about seven feet apart, throwing pencils at one another with a weary, bored air.—Philadelphia Record.

Turned Over to Mary.

A recently published story of the late Lord Morris illustrates his scorn of red tape and petty details.

A question had arisen as to the cost of heating the Irish law courts, and a consequential treasury official was sent over from London to Dublin on purpose to investigate the matter.

When he introduced himself and explained his errand, Lord Morris smiled with suspicious blandness and said: "Certainly, I will put you in communication with the person immediately in charge of that department."

Then he sent out a messenger, and presently there entered an old charwoman. Lord Morris arose and left the room, saying as he did so: "Mary, here is the young man to see about the coal."

Diminishing in Stature.

When a man ceases to grow he begins to diminish. Such is the conclusion at which a German physician has arrived, after several months' careful study of the subject of human height. Men, so it is asserted, begin to grow smaller in their thirty-fifth year, and women a little before they are 40. Men, however, stop growing when they are 30, and for five or six years their stature remains stationary. Then it decreases, at first very slowly, but afterward more rapidly.

Patient Jane.

"Jane always looks under the bed for a burglar."

"Did she ever see one?"

"No. But she lives in hopes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What has become of the old-fashioned child that "made faces?"

BORN IN THE COUNTRY

NO BOY NEED EVER BE ASHAMED OF IT.

Daily Contact with Nature Gives Health, Happiness, Purity and Peace, and What Is There that Is More Worth Striving For?

No boy need ever regret that he was born in the country and reared on a farm, says former Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton in the Conservative. He may lack the keenness and polish of his city cousin. He may be embarrassed by his own awkwardness and feel that he is at a hopeless disadvantage in the race, but the country boy has the advantage of a wider range of practical ideas. From the very first his little services are in demand. He becomes at once a part of the force that is making for home comfort and prosperity and feels the independence of one who is helping to support himself and add to the general store.

The country boy is likely to regard his life as one of drudgery, and such it may be if he loses interest in his surroundings or is pressed with a continued round of duty.

There is something heroic in the country boy's struggle with the elements. Rain and snow and sleet only brace his courage. The garnering of the crops, the housing and feeding of the domestic animals, the gathering and preparation of the winter fuel, give a purpose and zest to his toil.

Then there is the long tramp, sometimes of miles, to the district school; lessons learned before and after long hours of labor. Is it any wonder there are keen wits developing all outside of graded systems and in defiance of pedagogical order? It is the intensity of purpose with which the mind acts under the influence of vigorous health and the conscious value of time that accounts for these results. So from the farms is being supplied a stream of active world workers—men not afraid to do their duty and bubbling over with energy and ambition.

From the little red schoolhouses come into our colleges and schools of higher grade aspiring youth. Some are seeking an education as a means of emancipation from the drudgery of labor. Others come with a true thirst for knowledge. They find their way into the professions and business world, but few go back to the farm.

What an ideal thing it would be for the young men trained in science and holding the key to nature's mysteries and beauties to go back to live, broad, cultured and quiet lives in the midst of the most delightful environment in which God has ever placed man!

Touch the country-bred boy, now the merchant prince or the successful professional man, and how responsive he becomes to every suggestion of rural life. The same cannot be said of boys reared in the midst of any other surroundings. It is the contact with nature that makes the indelible impression upon his life. No greater gain could come to the country at large than to promote the love and appreciation of rural life. Health, happiness, purity and peace are the natural inheritance of those who dwell surrounded by fresh air, beautiful scenes, bright skies and pure social influences.

QUEER WAYS OF THE MARTEN.

A Peculiar Habit that Has Saved the Animal from Extinction.

The Hudson Bay marten, the little fur-bearer whose skin is ever popular and at times exceedingly valuable, is still plentiful in that region of fur-bearers," said W. B. Salmon, one time a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, "but I believe it would have been virtually extinct there long ago if it were not for a habit it has of making periodical disappearances, of which I never heard any satisfactory explanation.

"These disappearances occur every ten years. Where the animals go no one knows. No dead ones are ever found, and no one has yet discovered any evidence of their migration to any other region. A few martens, of course, remain on their old feeding grounds, but during the season of the disappearance of their fellows none of them will touch the bait in a trap and consequently none is caught. The next year the martens are back again in their old haunts as numerous as ever, and for ten years more submit to being caught.

"The Hudson Bay martens seem to be the only ones of the species that have this strange habit. The Lake Superior martens don't waste any of their time in disappearing voluntarily, but are found at the old stand year in and year out, housing themselves in hollow trees in the deepest woods and making life a perpetual burden to birds, squirrels, rabbits and other small game on which they prey.

"The Lake Superior marten has one predilection of the palate in which he resembles the bear. That is a passion for honey. He will line a wild bee's home with the precision of the most expert bee hunter, and the hidden sweets of that bee colony will have to be in a most inaccessible place if the marten doesn't soon revel in them. Like the male mink, the male marten has an overpowering love for his own offspring, but for the offspring of his fellow martens—such peculiar love, indeed, that if it wasn't for the instinct and shrewdness of the mother martens the race of martens would have been unknown long ago. The male marten is so fond of his young that he will eat them up whenever he happens to find them. The mother, therefore, bears her young in some secret hiding place, and keeps them hidden until they are half grown and able to defy the cannibalistic love of their sire. The female mink

exercises the same instinct with her progeny, for the father of them, as fond as he is of trout and other fish, will leave his fishing any time to dine on his interesting little family."—Boston Evening Transcript.

A HERO'S AFFLICTION.

Osborne Deignan, of Merrimac Fame, Now in an Insane Hospital.

Pathetic is the condition of Osborne Deignan, one of the heroes of the Merrimac episode in the Spanish-American



war. When Hobson called for volunteers to go with him to attempt the perilous feat of sinking the vessel in the mouth of Santiago harbor in order to "bottle up" the Spanish fleet, Deignan was the first to offer his services and the first to be selected. Following the sinking of the Merrimac, the capture of the daring party of American sailors and their subsequent release by the Spaniards, President McKinley was anxious to reward each of the young heroes. Deignan was personally complimented by the President and offered a cadetship in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but it was found that he was ineligible. Then he was appointed a boatswain in the United States navy and his appointment as a warrant officer was made April 5 of this year.

He had served but a day or two when he was ordered on the sick list. After a serious illness it was found that his mind was affected, and recently he was taken to Ukiah, Cal., and placed in the Ukiah Hospital for the Insane. It is believed that his affliction is only temporary, and that his stay in the hospital will be short.

Wagner and His Dog Peps.

Richard Wagner, the composer, was devoted to dogs, and Peps had become Wagner's property during his stay at Riga. He had belonged in the first place, says Our Animal Friends, to an English merchant, but became passionately attached to Wagner and followed him everywhere, lying on his door-step at night. The original owner found it useless to attempt to keep him.

On the way to rehearsal the dog was in the habit of taking a daily bath in the canal. Being a Russian dog, it is recorded of him that he kept up this habit even in winter, provided he could find a hole in the ice.

Peps was one of the great composer's most famous dogs. Wagner always insisted that Peps helped him to compose "Tannhauser."

When at the piano singing, the dog, whose constant place was at his feet, would occasionally leap to the table, peer into his face and howl piteously. Then Wagner would address his eloquent critic with:

"What, it does not suit you?" Then, shaking the animal's paw, he would say, paraphrasing Shakespeare: "Well, I will do thy bidding gently." Peps is frequently mentioned in his correspondence. If Wagner remained too long at his work Peps would remind him it was time to walk. "I am done up, and must get into the open air," he writes once. "Peps won't leave me in peace any longer."

Edison and His "Annihilator."

One of the pranks of the youthful Edison, when his genius was just beginning to show itself, is described in Collier's Weekly. Probably the danger to human as well as insect life involved in his electric "annihilator" prevented its general adoption.

Edison's early wanderings brought him at 17 years of age to the Cincinnati office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, where his absorption in electricity and predictions of its future power confirmed the nickname of "Lunatic," which clung to him even until his fame was established.

"We have the craziest chap in our office," said the telegraph manager to the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. "He does all sorts of queer things. I shouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be a genius some day. Let me tell you his last prank.

"We have been annoyed for some time by cockroaches. They infested the sink. They don't now. Lunatic fixed them. He just ran two parallel wires round the sink, and charged one with negative and the other with positive electricity. Bread-crumbs were then scattered, and when Mr. Cockroach appeared and put his little feet on the wires, ashes were all that were left to tell the tale."

In this cockroach annihilator was the germ of the incandescent light.

Not What He Intended to Say.

"My dear, do you suppose this Mrs. Sairy Grand, who is always roasting the men so unmercifully, is a mother?"

"I don't know. What of it?"

"Nothin', my love. Don't get huffy. All I wanted to say is that she'd make a Grand mother, all right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easiest Part of It.

"How have you managed to keep your cook so long?"

"Keep her! Great Scott! Can't get up courage to discharge her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Query.

If the farmer who tills Makes his living by tillage, Does the doctor who pills Make his living by pillage?—Philadelphia Record.

Every time a man receives an express package he says the other man agreed to pay the charges.

A blessing in disguise usually has a hard time proving its identity.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXIV.

I, Olivia Foster, take up the thread of the story—the woful, weary narrative of my wanderings after leaving my island friends.

Once more I found myself in London. I had more acquaintance with almost every great city on the Continent. Fortunately, Tardif had given me the address of a boarding house, or rather a small family hotel, where he had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. I went to several governess agencies, which were advertising for teachers in the daily papers. When a fortnight had passed with no opening for me, I felt it necessary to leave the boarding house which had been my temporary home. Wandering about the least fashionable suburbs, where lodgings would cost least, I found a bedroom in the third story of a house in a tolerably respectable street.

In this feverish solitude one day dragged itself after another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the only change they brought was that the sultry heat grew ever cooler, and the long days shorter. Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was as fond of companionship, and needed love as much as any girl. Was it strange that my thoughts dwelt somewhat dangerously upon the pleasant, peaceful days in Sark?

Now and then, when I ventured out into the streets, a panic would seize me, a dread unutterably great, the crowd, I did not even know that he was in London; he had always spoken of it as a place he detested. His habits made the free, unconventional life upon the Continent more agreeable to him. How he was living now, what he was doing, where he was, were so many enigmas to me; and I did not care to run any risk in finding out the answers to them. Twice I passed the Bank of Australia, where I very probably could have learned if he was in the same city as myself; but I dared not do it, and as soon as I knew how to avoid that street, I never passed along it.

I had been allowed to leave my address with the clerk of a large general agency in the city. Towards the close of October I received a note from him, desiring me to call at the office at two o'clock the following afternoon, without fail. I had a long time to wait. The office clock pointed to half-past three before I caught the clerk's eye, and saw him beckon me up to the counter. I had thrown back my veil, for here I was perfectly safe from recognition. At the other end of the counter stood a young man in consultation with a clerk. He looked earnestly at me, but I was sure he could not know me.

"Miss Ellen Martineau?" said the clerk. That was my mother's name, and I had adopted it for my own, feeling as if I had some right to it.

"Yes," I answered. "Would you object to go into a French school as governess?" he inquired. "Not in the least," I said eagerly. "And pay a small premium?" he added.

"How much?" I asked, my spirits falling again. "A mere trifle," he said; "about ten pounds or so for twelve months. You would perfect yourself in French, you know; and you would gain a referee for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied. "Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper. I left the office heavy hearted. Ten pounds would be more than the half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street with my head bowed and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear:

"I've caught you at last!" It was like the bitterness of death, that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking closely into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road. I turned almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was a stranger whom I had noticed in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards us, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken vagabond!" he said; "he has just come out of those spirit vaults. This young lady is no more his wife than she is mine, and I know no more of her than that she has just come away from Ridley's office, where she has been looking after a situation. Good heavens! cannot a lady walk through the streets of London without being insulted by a drunken scoundrel like that?"

"Will you give him in charge, sir?" asked the policeman, while Richard Foster was making vain efforts to speak coherently, and explain his claim upon me. I clung to the friendly arm that had come to my aid, sick and almost speechless with fear.

"Don't," I whispered; "oh! take me away quickly!"

He cleared a passage for us both with a vigor and decision that there was no resisting. I glanced back for an instant, and saw my husband struggling with the policeman. He looked utterly unlike a gay, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-filled purse, such as he had used to appear. He was shabby and poor now, and now for the policeman to be very hard upon him, and to prevent him from following me. The stranger kept my hand firmly on his arm, and almost carried me into Fleet street, where in a minute

or two we were quite lost in the throng, and I was safe from all pursuit.

"I do not know how to thank you," I said, falteringly.

"You are trembling still!" he replied.

"How lucky it was that I followed you directly out of Ridley's! If I ever come across that scoundrel again I shall know him, you may be sure. My name is John Senior. Perhaps you have heard of my father, Dr. Senior of Brook street?"

"No," replied, "I know nobody in London."

"That's bad," he said. "I wish I was Jane Senior instead of John Senior; I do indeed. Do you feel better now, Miss Martineau?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"The clerk at Ridley's called you Miss Ellen Martineau," he answered. "My hearing is very good, and I was not deeply engrossed in my business. I heard and saw a good deal whilst I was there."

He called an empty cab that was passing by. We shook hands warmly. There was no time for loitering; so I told him the name of the suburb where I was living, and he repeated it to the cabman. "All right," he said, speaking through the window, "the fare is paid and I've taken cabby's number. If he tries to cheat you, let me know; Dr. John Senior, Brook street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-by."

"Good-by," I cried, leaning forward and looking at his face till the crowd came between us, and I lost sight of it.

I felt safer when the cabman set me down at the house where I lodged, and I ran upstairs to my little room. I kind-

"Yes," I said: "I should like to go." I had had time to make all these observations before the owner of the foreign voice, which I had heard at the door, came in. At the first glance I knew her to be a Frenchwoman. Her black eyes were steady and cold, and her general expression one of watchfulness.

"I have not the honor of knowing you," she said politely.

"I come from Ridley's Agency office," I answered, "about a situation as English teacher in a school in France."

"It is a great chance," she said, "my friend, Madame Perrier, is very good, very amiable for her teachers. She is like a sister for them. The terms are very high, very high for France; but there is absolutely every comfort. I suppose you could introduce a few English pupils."

"No," I answered, "I am afraid I could not. I am sure I could not."

"That of course must be considered in the premium," she continued; "if you could have introduced, say, six pupils, the premium would be low. I do not think my friend would take one penny less than twenty pounds for the first year, and ten for the second."

The tears started to my eyes. I had felt so sure of going if I would pay ten pounds, that I was quite unprepared for this disappointment. There was still my diamond ring left; but how to dispose of it, for anything like its value, I did not know.

"What were you prepared to give?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson, whilst I hesitated.

"The clerk at Ridley's office told me the premium would be ten pounds," I answered; "I do not see how I can give more."

"Well," she said, after musing a little, "it is time this child went. She has been here a month, waiting for somebody to take her down to Noireau. I will agree with you, and will explain to Madame Perrier. How soon could you go?"

"I should like to go to-morrow," I replied, feeling that the sooner I quitted London the better. Mrs. Wilkinson's steady eyes fastened upon me again with sharp curiosity.

"Have you references, miss?" she asked.



"SENT WHIRLING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."

dled the fire. Then I sat down on my box before it, thinking.

"Yes, I must leave London. I must take this situation, the only one open to me, in a school in France. I should at least be assured of a home for twelve months; and, as the clerk had said, I should perfect myself in French and gain a referee for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied. "Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper.

I left the office heavy hearted. Ten pounds would be more than the half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street with my head bowed and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear:

"I've caught you at last!"

It was like the bitterness of death, that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking closely into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road. I turned almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was a stranger whom I had noticed in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards us, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken vagabond!" he said; "he has just come out of those spirit vaults. This young lady is no more his wife than she is mine, and I know no more of her than that she has just come away from Ridley's office, where she has been looking after a situation. Good heavens! cannot a lady walk through the streets of London without being insulted by a drunken scoundrel like that?"

"Will you give him in charge, sir?" asked the policeman, while Richard Foster was making vain efforts to speak coherently, and explain his claim upon me. I clung to the friendly arm that had come to my aid, sick and almost speechless with fear.

"Don't," I whispered; "oh! take me away quickly!"

He cleared a passage for us both with a vigor and decision that there was no resisting. I glanced back for an instant, and saw my husband struggling with the policeman. He looked utterly unlike a gay, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-filled purse, such as he had used to appear. He was shabby and poor now, and now for the policeman to be very hard upon him, and to prevent him from following me. The stranger kept my hand firmly on his arm, and almost carried me into Fleet street, where in a minute

or two we were quite lost in the throng, and I was safe from all pursuit.

"I do not know how to thank you," I said, falteringly.

"You are trembling still!" he replied.

"How lucky it was that I followed you directly out of Ridley's! If I ever come across that scoundrel again I shall know him, you may be sure. My name is John Senior. Perhaps you have heard of my father, Dr. Senior of Brook street?"

"No," replied, "I know nobody in London."

"That's bad," he said. "I wish I was Jane Senior instead of John Senior; I do indeed. Do you feel better now, Miss Martineau?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"The clerk at Ridley's called you Miss Ellen Martineau," he answered. "My hearing is very good, and I was not deeply engrossed in my business. I heard and saw a good deal whilst I was there."

He called an empty cab that was passing by. We shook hands warmly. There was no time for loitering; so I told him the name of the suburb where I was living, and he repeated it to the cabman. "All right," he said, speaking through the window, "the fare is paid and I've taken cabby's number. If he tries to cheat you, let me know; Dr. John Senior, Brook street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-by."

"Good-by," I cried, leaning forward and looking at his face till the crowd came between us, and I lost sight of it.

I felt safer when the cabman set me down at the house where I lodged, and I ran upstairs to my little room. I kind-

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL.



The institution called upon in the near future to supply the kind of education which unites professional and culture into a unity of purpose will have a character and aims distinctly different from the other established schools. It will be neither a high school nor a manual training school, nor a trade school. It will not be a high school, since the culture element will be subordinate to practical technical training. Manual training, as this term is now understood, will not be taught, although the excellencies of this branch of study are recognized. Instead of a general instruction in using tools or designing things, the following practical subjects will be taught: pattern making, forging, foundry and machine shop practice. It will not be a trade school, however, as its activity is not limited to the teaching of one particular trade, but embodies in its curriculum such studies as will enable a young man not merely to carry on his business, but will also give him the knowledge necessary for good citizenship and the culture demanded by the standard of life of the large middle class. In the technical high school a boy should be able to fit himself for industrial pursuits and a girl should receive instruction in the "home making arts."

Instruction should be practical and fruitful of immediate results. All the courses, therefore, should lead toward specific employment.

Heretofore the foreman in the factory, the draftsman in the architect's office, the contractor, the stationary engineer, as well as many others in the ranks of the skilled workmen, received their training during the years of apprenticeship while doing practical work as the exigencies of the day demanded. As much as time and strength allowed and ambition prompted they endeavored to pick up such information and culture as a course in a night school could give, or as conversation with better educated men or newspaper reading and chance opportunity would afford. At best it was a hard struggle, and due appreciation of economic, social and professional values was often gained by too many sacrifices and the loss of years in unnecessary experimenting.

Many a man or a woman perfectly familiar with the three "R's" of primary education never mastered the two "R's" of secondary education—range and readiness. While high school courses will give range, which is "the appreciation of a large number of facts of different character," they may fail to impart readiness and mastery in one pursuit or study. This must be acquired by practice. In appreciating the same or closely allied facts. On the other hand, a trade school, whose aim it is to develop the abilities of its students in one direction, fails to give range and perspective of mental vision.

Examining the statistics offered by the different reports of school superintendents it is interesting to note that on an average only one-third of one-fourth of all the pupils enrolled in the grammar grades enter the public high schools or private institutions of secondary education. On the opening day of the Chicago public schools the enrollment was divided among the different divisions as follows: High schools, 8,545; grammar schools, 60,000; primary schools, 125,500. Furthermore, the reports of high school superintendents show that about one-third of all the students enrolled leave during or at the end of the first year, and another fraction at the end of the second year, so that only about one-third of the original number of students who entered the high schools graduate.

Why do so few students enter the high schools? And why do more than one-



half of these students leave the high school during the first two years? Certainly often for various reasons not to be attributed to our educational system. But it cannot be denied that many do not enter, or leave soon after entering, because the subject matter is not well suited to their need. To supply just such subject matter should be the aim of the technical high school. It should attract all children who cannot afford to spend four additional years of general study in a high school, and who are yet desirous of continuing the studies they like and understand, thus preparing themselves better for practical pursuits. It should relieve the high school of students who show no particular aptitude for theoretical schooling, but who may develop excellent qualities under another regime, the ends and aims of which are more clearly perceived and better understood both by pupils and parents.

LOUIS C. MONIN, PH. D., Professor of Economics and Philosophy in Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.

ENGLAND'S BRAVE BURGHER FOES.

England has been fighting a brave foe in South Africa. I believe that every Englishman is ready to pay a just meed of praise to the brave men who have against such odds, and with a tenacity and courage that are worthy of their history, maintained for so long a time the resistance against the overwhelming odds which England has thrown against them. They have proven a foeman worthy of our best efforts in warfare. Without discussing which side has been right, no matter whether we, as Englishmen, condemn the cause for which they have been fighting, we laud their strategy, their bravery, and admire their tenacity.

It behooves England to meet the resistance with a spirit and tenacity that is the equal of the burghers. This alone will make of England a nation worthy to be their conquerors in war, and their friends in peace.

JOS. CHAMBERLAIN, British Secretary of State for the Colonies.

ADVICE ON KEEPING POSITIONS.

You can hold your position if you fit yourself to its mold so as to fill every crevice. Be like a cake. At first it is a soft, spongy dough, and is poured into a mold which it but half fills. As it bakes it rises and crowds every dent in the mold. Not contented, it bulges over the top; it makes a cake larger than the mold will hold. So, young man and young woman, be filled every crease and crevice of your position to advantage, work out at the top. It is the largest cake that brings the most money.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will never ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfulfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means. Never let a month pass that you do not put something in the bank. Saving is the

WIFE ABANDONMENT A FELONY.

First Minneapolis Husband to Suffer a Penalty Under a Minnesota Law.

To George A. Kenney belongs the distinction of being the first man convicted in Minneapolis under the new law treating abandonment of or failure to support a wife as a felony. The court was lenient with him and gave him the lowest penalty—only ninety days in the workhouse—instead of the limit of three years in the penitentiary. Mr. Kenney's bad eminence should be a warning to other men, says the Minneapolis Tribune, who are inclined to neglect, evade or shirk their duty to their families.

The Minnesota law is a new departure in sociology. Heretofore such offenses have been treated as misdemeanors. The delinquent husband could be fined—in which case the wife usually hustled around and raised the money to pay—or compelled to give bonds for good behavior or sent to jail in default of security. But now he is confronted by a hard-labor proposition.

If his failure to support his family arises from laziness he finds that he has "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire," in being compelled to work for the State under more disagreeable conditions than free labor could possibly involve. If he has means or property he would naturally prefer to draw upon his resources rather than incur a penal sentence.

It is not to be presumed that the average man will sin more than once in this direction if the law is vigorously enforced against him. If he can show that he has done the best he can and that his failure to support his family arises from inability to find employment that is, of course, a good defense.

This law gives the wife a better chance than she had before. She can insist that her husband perform his

first great basic principle in the foundation of success. Dress neatly and plainly, for an employer marks a man as a fool who apparels himself with extravagance and glaring colors. Never try to win the favor of your employer by slandering your fellow workers. Slander always sticks. Show kindness to your fellow employees, but do not let it be forced kindness, for that deserves no thanks. Resolve slowly, and act quickly. Remember, it is better to be alone than in bad company; that you cannot give your employer or yourself full value if you try to work after a night of dissipation; that silence, like cleanliness, is akin to godliness, and that a clear conscience gives sound sleep and good digestion and clothes one in an impregnable coat of mail.—James J. Hill in Success.

NO EXCUSE FOR FAILURE.

Among the tragic figures of life is the man without peculiar gifts and graces, fitted by nature for an ordinary place, but forced by circumstances and undue persuasion into one of eminence, or at least of publicity. Just at present the pulpit does not often allure men who have no fitness for it except that of Christian character; but time has been, and that not very long ago, when the piety of mothers induced them to urge the ministry on sons who in the most exacting of professions, could only fail. Nothing in this world is sadder than wastefulness, and there is absolute waste when a man who could make an excellent shopkeeper, or a notable mechanic, or a thoroughgoing farmer, is instead pushed into a place where, besides consecration, he needs love of study, persuasive eloquence, instinctive tact, and an almost universal sympathy. The same criticism applies to others of the learned professions. The army and the navy are beckoning more of our sons than of old; forestry is coming to the front as a new profession; journalism has been added to the vocations made practicable to the liberally educated, and in brief, a young man with brains, pluck and perseverance has no excuse for not getting on if only he can secure the right introduction and beginning.

We shall have reason to hail it as a wholesome sign of the times when American youth cease to be indifferent to politics. A country in which any man, however obscure his origin, may, through determination to overcome obstacles and the strength of character, arrive at the highest distinctions in the gift of the republic, ought to stimulate young men to splendid endeavor and rich achievement. One regrets to observe a tendency on the part of many men to study political economy, and a singular lack of responsibility in wielding that power of the unit which in the aggregate is so tremendous a force in our national life.—Margaret E. Sangster in Ladies' Home Journal.

WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

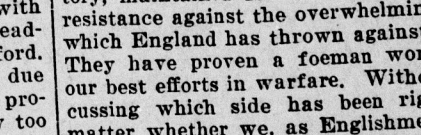
There is no point which ought to be so strongly emphasized, no fact which so needs to be impressed upon those women who are to work for the different political parties, as that of their utter powerlessness to help or hinder. The party leaders welcome all the grist which comes to their mill; they do not reject any fuel which makes steam; they accept every element which increases the enthusiasm, and they heartily desire the sympathy and co-operation of women. But, in politics, neither the labors nor the opinions of women have any appreciable influence unless enforced by the ballot. There are object lessons without number to prove this assertion.

Would it not show more wisdom, common sense and self-respect in women to organize and work to make themselves a part of the electorate before they labor in behalf of any political party? No one party or one class of men will ever enfranchise women, but it will have to be done by a combination of the friends in all parties and all classes.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

NEW USE FOR THE LAMP.

Hot water bags have grown to be a positive necessity in the household of late years, one advantage of this class of heaters being that they retain the warmth for an extended period of time. But the heat will eventually diminish beyond the point where the water bag is useful, when the water must be renewed. As this cannot be always done conveniently it has occurred to Samuel A. Gotcher, of St. Louis, Mo., that the water might be constantly maintained at the required temperature by an arrangement attached to an ordinary lamp. He has applied the idea in the manner shown, simply connecting two bags with a coil of pipe in conjunction with the flame. As the latter can be readily regulated it is easy to vary the temperature to suit requirements. The inventor does not confine



WATER HEATER FOR THE FEET.

himself to the use of the heater for indoor purposes, but applies the same principle to the heating of foot-warmers in carriages and sleighs, obtaining the heat from a lantern carried on the dashboard for lighting the roadway.

Along the Yukon.

The outlook for gardening and some agriculture in the cold interior region of Alaska is decidedly encouraging. Although the season was unusually late last year, new potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, beets and other vegetables were ready for the table before the middle of August, and lettuce, radishes, and turnips grown in the open had been in use for some weeks. Flower gardens, containing a large variety of annuals grown from seed furnished last year were in full bloom. At the station at Rampart, ry, seeded the previous fall, wintered perfectly and was ripe in July. Spring seeded barley had ripened about the middle of August, and there was quite a prospect for oats and wheat to mature. Extensive areas of excellent land were found on the Lower Yukon, upon which there was an abundant and often luxuriant growth of grasses over six feet in height. The abundant moisture and long days during the summer months account for the surprising luxuriance of vegetation in that far north region.

A Wild Guess.

"Li Hung Chang is said to have hastened his death by a fit of anger." "Perhaps he discovered that one of his 3,000-year-old eggs was bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Big Siberian River.

The Irth River, in Siberia, is 2,208 miles in length, and drains 600,000 miles of territory.

Any name is pretty to a girl that looks well when engraved on a wedding card.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$1.50
Six Months, ".....1.00
Three Months, "......50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues.
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

The Scientific American is out for the Panama Canal and is throwing all the weight of its influence in favor of the French ditch.

The last week's Redwood City Democrat throws a bouquet to the Hearst newspapers. The Democrat will doubtless get a nose-bleed in return.

The Campbell Visitor has changed hands. E. C. Hurburt has sold to Delmont Phillips. The weekly visits of the Visitor have been a pleasure to us. Under the new management we doubt not the paper will grow in interest as well as circulation and influence.

The Southern Pacific Company has been putting on record a lot of deeds of right of way for the Bay Shore line, which moves the local press to reiterate the worn-out announcement of "work about to be begun on the Bay Shore line." Don't worry, brethren. The S. P. Co. will build the Bay Shore cut-off and will do it in its own good time. Wait until you see the dirt moving. Then you may shout to some purpose.

A NEW GREAT REGISTER.

All voters must register this year. New voters must register and old voters must re-register. Under the provisions of the law registration is required at every general election. The next election in November is a general one. It will be for state officers, congressmen, county and township officers and every voter should get on the register in time to vote. This can be done by calling on the County Clerk or any of his deputies throughout the county.

MCKINLEY MEMORIAL.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from Col. Geo. Stone, chairman of the California branch of the McKinley National Memorial Association, asking us to publish the circular of the McKinley National Memorial Association, with such editorial comments as we may deem appropriate. The circular is too long for our little paper, but we are in favor of the object sought. We will, therefore, boil down the business by stating that the Association proposes to erect at Canton, Ohio, a memorial which shall fittingly honor the memory of President McKinley. The estimated cost of the proposed memorial is \$450,000 and it is proposed to raise the additional sum of \$200,000, to be used as a fund to provide for the care and maintenance of the memorial.

The Association asks the State of California to raise \$20,000 of the required \$650,000. Wednesday, January 29th, the anniversary of the birthday of the late President McKinley, is suggested as McKinley Day, to be generally observed as such and that the schools shall make it a special day and allow the children on that day to contribute to the Memorial fund.

It is also suggested that the churches make Sunday, January 26th, a special day and hold memorial exercises and give opportunity to those who are willing to contribute to the memorial work. Col. Geo. Stone is chairman of the California branch and all contributions can be sent to him at San Francisco, Cal.

Now to come to the point. The people loved McKinley and reverence his memory. They should provide the means for the National Memorial. It should come in small sums and from all the people, every one giving his mite. No contribution should exceed one dollar and it should run from that sum down to the nickels of the school children. We trust Professor Painton will look after the school contributions. Any contributions of citizens may be left with the Enterprise and will be promptly forwarded.

PRESS NOTES.

Natural gas, richest oil wells in the State, electric railroad! What more advantages should Halfmoon Bay and the coast side ask in addition to the ones she already has?—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

If the State Commission don't buy the Big Basin at once they ought to be driven out of their commission with a redwood fence post.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Trusts may keep on grabbing, but so long as eel and abalone hooks can be borrowed and the beach is free, they can never monopolize the happiness of this part of the world.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

John Mangini has moved into the Machado cottage, back of the school house.

Geo. H. Tilton, a prominent business man of Tilton, N. H., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Green.

Tramps are plentiful around here at present. The large amount of work being done by the railroad company is probably the reason why they center here.

A. Van Lierde departed for Cincinnati during the week. Mr. Van Lierde will superintend the construction of machinery for the Spring Valley Water Co., which is being done in the Eastern city.

The Sixteen Mile House has changed hands. John Mangini has transferred his lease to James E. Fickett, whose aim will be to keep an up-to-date house. Mr. Fickett is having the place overhauled.—Leader, San Mateo.

PONIATOWSKI'S SUCCESSOR.

Prince Poniatowski, who is now in New York, has been succeeded by W. Frank Pierce as president of the Standard Electric Company, the former having resigned. Poniatowski remains in the directorate.—Redwood City Democrat.

The Reason.

A German professor who is given to great deliberation of speech and has never been known to increase its speed under the most compelling circumstances had an amusing experience in a restaurant not long ago.

The waiter had brought him raw oysters, and, to his dismay, he saw that the professor had apparently no intention of tasting them.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the German slowly, without raising his eyes to the anxious waiter. The waiter seized the plate and bore it out of sight in an instant. He was a new waiter, and it was with much trepidation that he held the second supply of oysters before this discriminating patron.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the professor after one glance at the plate which had been set before him.

"I think you'd find them all right, sir," faltered the waiter. "I don't think there's anything wrong about them, sir." He looked miserable, having been told that the German was a frequent and valued patron of the restaurant and must be well and quickly served.

"I cannot eat these oysters," announced the professor for the third time, with the calmness of a chorus in a tragedy, "because as yet you have furnished me no fork."—Youth's Companion.

He Knew His Friend.

An old German was on his deathbed. In his earlier years he had led a wild life, but since the death of Schneider, one of his boon companions, he had reformed and given up his bad habits. This Schneider in his day had been a mighty drinker, famous for his capacity and carousals.

The priest was ministering to the dying man, consoling him with visions of the paradise he would soon enter, telling him that he would meet there his old friends and what a joy it would be to see them all again.

The dying man asked feebly, "Will Schneider be there, your reverence?" Thinking to give him pleasure, the priest replied, "Yes; Schneider will be there."

"Ach," said the other. "Dot is very bad. All dose dringings und endings und fighdings all over again, all dot beer und whisky!"

"But there will be no drinking in heaven," said the priest.

"But you said Schneider would be dere."

"So he will," was the priest's reply.

"Und dere won't be no dringings, you dink? Ach! You don't know Schneider!"—Lippincott's.

Relieved.

It was a long ride through a desolate and dangerous country, and the politician sought to relieve the monotony by philosophic musings on his recent victory and embarrassments that even success brings.

"Hold up your hands!"

The stagecoach gave a lurch and stopped. The ray of light that shot into the vehicle turned the spattering rain into myriads of evanescent gems.

"What do you want?" asked the politician, with a firmness that showed that he had faced danger before.

"Your money."

"Here it is."

"Your watch and diamond ring."

"They are yours."

"I must say you're good natured anyhow," said one of the highwaymen.

"Not at all. Are you sure that's all you desire?"

"What in thunder did you think we wanted?"

"I was afraid"—and the politician's voice trembled a little—"you wanted an office!"—Philadelphia North American.

Pussy's Sponge and Hairbrush.

Cats large and small make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 215 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-02

SOME LEGAL FREAKS.

CURIOUS TWISTS THAT OBTAIN IN ENGLISH CRIMINAL LAW.

A Person May Be Guilty of Perjury Though He Swears to the Truth—No Such Offense as Trespass—Points About Forgery.

In no branch of the law as it is dispensed in Great Britain are such curious points to be found or a greater number of anomalies to be met with than in the criminal branch thereof.

It may be news to some people, for instance, to know that there are a number of things in existence which cannot be stolen, such as a corpse, animals fere nature—i. e., animals wild in a state of nature (with certain exceptions created by statute)—soil of the earth, etc. To attempt to steal nothing would appear on the face of it to be an impossibility, much less a crime, but a man indicted for attempting to pick a lady's pocket which was subsequently found to be empty was found guilty of an "attempt to commit theft," though, in fact, there was nothing in the pocket to steal.

Any one lucky enough to pick up a sovereign lying in the road will be glad to hear that, if at the time of finding it he had no reasonable means of discovering the owner of it, and also if he did not at the same time conceive the idea of appropriating it to himself, he will not be guilty of stealing if he keeps his lucky find, even if the rightful owner discovers and claims it.

Most people walking in the country must have noticed on numerous occasions boards or placards posted up in woods, fields, etc., notifying in large letters that "trespassers will be prosecuted," but few are aware that such notices are utterly useless and no one need feel the least alarm thereat, there being no such offense known in criminal law as such a trespass, and a person could never be prosecuted for such an offense. They are, in fact, in the words of that eminent jurist, Sir Frederick Pollock, in his well known work, "Pollock on Torts," a "wooden falsehood."

It is a common fallacy to imagine that the crime of forgery consists in signing another's name, though in fact committing forgery consists in making and uttering any false instrument in writing with attempt to defraud; thus it may be a forgery to omit a word from a document, and it will be a matter of considerable surprise to many to learn that it is possible for a person to forge his or her own name. A person, however, who fraudulently inserts another's name on a picture, thereby selling it as the work of some other artist, is not guilty of forgery, as a picture is not an "instrument in writing."

The crime of perjury also does not quite "fit in" with the generally accepted idea, which is that if a person, after being sworn on oath to speak the truth, swears falsely, he is guilty of such offense. This is correct with the important qualification that the fact the witness has sworn to must be material to the case. Thus, if a witness on being duly sworn gave a false address on being asked where he lived, this, though untrue, would not amount to perjury, as the place where the witness lived would be quite immaterial.

That a person may be guilty of perjury though speaking the truth may seem a curious anomaly, but such nevertheless is the fact, as the test of perjury is not whether a person is speaking what he believes to be the truth; so, if a witness, for instance, on being asked, "What colored tie was the prisoner wearing when you met him?" replied "red," when in fact he did not really notice, he would be guilty of perjury, even though the prisoner was in reality wearing a red tie when the witness met him.

Numerous other instances of crimes which present similar curious points to the above might be given, and, in passing, persons taking out insurances against burglary might note that this crime can only be committed between the hours of 9 p. m. and 6 a. m.; that breaking into a house by means of an open door or window is not burglary, although entering a house by sliding down the chimney is.

We must not conclude this article without a short reference to a comparatively recent case in which a man not possessing the means to pay entered a restaurant, where he ordered and ate a good dinner. As, however, he was unable to pay for the same he was given in charge and subsequently indicted for "obtaining goods by false pretenses." The case resulted in the prisoner's acquittal on the ground that he had not been guilty of any false pretenses.

This individual therefore had a good meal on the cheap, but we should not advise any enterprising reader to emulate his example, as, although he could not indeed be prosecuted for obtaining goods by false pretenses, it seems that he will still be criminally liable under the bankruptcy act for obtaining credit by fraudulent means.—London Tit-Bits.

Hopeless.

An English clergyman was addressing a congregation of fishermen, and in order to appeal the more to his hearers he introduced a number of nautical similes. He pictured a captain navigating his craft through a dangerous passage, surrounded with rocks and currents, and he described the voyage in detail. At last he reached his climax, when it seemed inevitable that the ship should be lost. "And what shall we do now?" he made his captain cry.

"Bless your soul, guv'nor," replied a voice at the back, "that captain o' yours can't do nothin'! He's sailin' his ship star'n foremost!"

He Was the Only One.

"Did they have a goat when you joined the lodge, Dozer?"

"M'm—well, they had a scapegoat."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Men and Beasts.

I once had a trainer, an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the show arena than I have ever seen done by tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that in half playful-ness.

One day he got very drunk. I had never known him to transgress before. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers tried to take him out of the cage, but to have done so would have meant a bitter and bloody fight with the three striped ones. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. The next time he put them to work, however, they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them. They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end completely.—F. Bostock in Frank Leslie's.

Monster Eels.

Many of the islands of the western Pacific have in their streams and lakes large numbers of eels of immense size which seldom are used as food by the natives, who seem to have a horror of the snake-like creatures. The eels of Strong's Island, one of the Caroline group, are peculiar in that they hibernates regularly and seek for their place of hibernation the loftiest places which they can find.

These eels sometimes will climb mountains 2,000 feet high and select the summit as the place for their winter's rest. They select or make a depression in the soft, moss covered soil and fit themselves into it snugly, remaining for months at a time absolutely motionless and inert. Sometimes the eels are covered with moss or vegetable debris and at other times they are found exposed to view with their broad, flat heads doubled back upon their bodies. After their season of rest upon the mountain tops the eels wriggle their way down to the valleys and, plunging into the rivers and lakes, begin to feed upon the crawfish, for which crustaceans they have a fondness which is shared by the natives. These eels are excellent eating, but nothing will induce the natives to touch them, alive or dead.

St. Paul's.

"It is curious," says the London Chronicle, "how St. Paul's, although the first cathedral church in England that was built actually for the observance of the Anglican ritual, manages nevertheless to retain something of a foreign and a Catholic nature in the way it offers shelter to the tired passerby. Apart from the restless groups of sightseers, there are always plenty of people there who have gone in solely for the sake of its wonderful peace and quiet."

"They would have found neither, by the way, in old St. Paul's of the fifteenth century, for while mass was being said in one chapel, a funeral service in another, and so on, all sorts of commerce was carried on in the middle aisle, from the hiring of servants to the transaction of legal business."

"We have altered all that nowadays, and St. Paul's is the quietest spot in the noisiest city in the world."

Control Your Temper.

There are three reasons why one ought to control his temper, and the first is self respect. When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license, but there must surely come a reaction of regret. When he is calm again and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away and the exhibition he made of himself. He will recall the amazement on the faces of his friends and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with a baby, and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon hold again with them as strong as he did before this outburst, nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear headed man. He has acted like a fretful, peevish child and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.

Her Marriage Dot.

The Emperor Joseph II. was in the habit of walking about incognito. One morning he went into a coffee shop and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed and the waiters, being ignorant of his rank, insolently refused it, saying it was too early.

Without making any reply he walked out and went into a little coffee house hard by and asked for a cup of chocolate. The landlord answered that it should be ready in a moment.

While he waited for it he walked up and down and was conversing on different subjects when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance.

The emperor wished her good day and observed to her father that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded.

"Ah," replied the honest old man, "if I had but a thousand crowns I could marry her to a fine young man who is very fond of her! But, sir, the chocolate is ready."

The emperor called for a pen, ink and paper. The girl ran to fetch them, when he gave her an order on his banker for the thousand crowns.

Averting a Panic.

On one occasion John Philip Sousa by his promptness was the direct means of stopping a panic which might have had the most disastrous results. While his band was playing before 12,000 people in St. Louis the electric lights in the hall went out suddenly. People began to move uneasily in their seats, and some even began to make a rush for the doors. Coolly tapping with his baton, Sousa gave a signal, and immediately his band began playing, "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" A tiny ripple of laughter that went round the audience showed that confidence had partially been restored. When the band began to play "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," the laughter deepened into a roar of merriment that only ended when the lights were turned on again.

A Prisoner.

"I thought you guaranteed that suit of underwear you sold me not to shrink," said the customer who entered the store and stood in a somewhat cramped attitude.

"I did," replied the merchant. "If it shrinks, bring it back."

"I have brought it back," said the customer in evident embarrassment, "but I got caught out in the rain and can't get it off."—Ohio State Journal.

Curious Freak of Insane Persons.

A Belgian physician, speaking of simulation by the insane, says that in cases of insanity where the intellectual faculties are not too much disordered the insane may simulate another form of insanity than their own. The forms of insanity most often simulated are, in order of frequency, imbecility, dementia and mania. The other forms are not so frequently simulated. A lunatic generally simulates insanity to escape punishment, and an expert phy-

sician should not therefore in such cases be satisfied with a diagnosis of simulation. Such diagnosis does not exclude real insanity, and the physician should therefore endeavor to ascertain whether or not the simulator is himself a lunatic. With care, patience and a long continued observation it is possible to make a complete and correct diagnosis, and this is the more important as in these cases the serious question of responsibility arises.—London Family Doctor.

Back to Slavery.

"Br'er Williams done got 'vored f'm he wife!"

"You don't say!"

"Hit's de truth. De jury give 'im his freedom yestiddy."

"En whar is he now?"

"Gone on his honeymoon!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Ostend—Paw, what is an underwear? Father—A woman, I guess; at least she is the one who always adds a postscript.—Chicago News.

If a man is shaped all right and his limbs are as flexible as they should be, he is able to scratch his own back or reach any part of his anatomy. Can you do it?—Athens Globe.

When the self made man says, "Gimme some of the pummis de tei rey," and the waiter wants him to repeat it, he has a feeling of fear that never comes over him in the busy marts of trade.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Literary people pay but little attention to the volume of business.—Detroit Tribune.

The first straw paper made in this country was manufactured in 1828.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

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The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

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AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS

Welcome rain.
Dwelling houses are in demand.
Go to Kauffmann's for boots and shoes.
May the moisture continue to come down.

Will Gindorff was down on a visit Sunday.
H. P. Tyson of San Francisco was in town Sunday.

Marks Nemanic has bought westerly 1/2 of lot 4 in block 123.
Jas. McNamara has leased the Sierra Point House on San Bruno road.

The Fuller Co.'s lifeboat rescued two drowning fishermen last week.

Mr. J. L. Wood is fast recovering from his injuries and was out on Wednesday.

Look out for Debenedetti & Montevardo's big stock of groceries about February 1st.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The boarding houses are running full and there are few vacant dwellings. All of which speaks well for our town.

Mountain View voted bonds to erect a high school building last week by a vote of 90 to 5.—Mayfield Republican.

The People's Store continues to keep a big stock and goods of first quality, which Mrs. Cohen is selling at city prices.

Bob Carroll is himself again and on duty. The cheap thieves and house-breakers who have been making trouble here of late "had better look a leetle out."

The largest hog ever raised in this county was slaughtered recently by Jesse Palmer of San Gregorio. It weighed a trifle over 600 pounds.—Leader, San Mateo.

The waterworks system of the Land & Improvement Co. has never been in such fine condition as at present. Engineer Brown has made several marked improvements at the pumping plant.

The store of Debenedetti & Montevardo is finished. These enterprising gentlemen will commence putting in a stock of goods at once and will be ready for business about February 1st.

Messrs. Tibbitt & Healy, Government contractors, have completed the new lighthouse at the outer beacon. Keeper Dick Williamson says it is a great improvement every way and feels gratified over the fact.

The roundup of loose stock made by Poundkeeper Carroll recently caused some shouting, but stock owners who let their stock run at large should remember that the law requires every one to keep his stock on his own premises.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

On Thursday of last week two Italian fishermen were thrown into the waters of the bay from a small boat off Point San Bruno and would have been drowned but for the timely action of Superintendent Cox in sending the W. P. Fuller Co.'s lifeboat to their rescue.

A wagon-load of Butchertown San Francisco hoodlums indulged in a drunken fight on Baden avenue on Friday of last week. The absence of Deputy Constable Bob Carroll from town alone kept the gang from sobering off in our tight little town cooler.

On Saturday night last, a trunk belonging to John Barnhart was taken from Barnhart's room at the Linden House, carried down towards the railroad, broken open, but nothing of value carried off. The thieves were evidently looking for cash and were disappointed.

The season's run is finished at the Spreckels factory, says the Watsonville Pajaronian. During the season 271,322 tons of beets were crushed, which at \$4.50 per ton, would make \$1,310,994 paid out for beets alone. Sixty million pounds of sugar were manufactured.—Mayfield Republican.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

A party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hedlund Sunday, the 19th inst., at their residence near San Mateo, in honor of their daughter's birthday. The following named guests and friends were present: Mrs. Harry Joseph and niece of San Francisco, Mrs. Janke, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. McCann and niece, Mrs. Sherar of San Mateo and Mrs. Kofod of this town; the Misses Hilna Hedlund, Annie Sherar, Ella Levy, Florence Lamase, Margaret Kumm, Addie Richland, Carrie Hansen, Dora Hansen, Ruth Nelson and Bessie Wald; Masters Charley Hedlund, Dave Sheran, Albert Higgins, Charley Hansen, Fritz Richland and Leland Kofod. The afternoon was spent with music, singing, dancing and games. Refreshments were served in the afternoon at 6 o'clock and a bountiful supper later. It was a most delightful occasion and will be long and pleasantly recalled by all present.

SAN BRUNO SCHOOL.

Persons interested in our school are cordially invited to come and observe the work at any time. If you enjoy hearing the children sing, come Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays at 1 p. m.

DID NOT GET TOO MUCH.

James Ferrero, who stabbed Charley Imporsani on New Year's eve, was held to answer on a felony charge. On Friday of last week Ferrero pleaded guilty before Judge Buck and was sentenced to seven years at San Quentin. Ferrero is a professional anarchist. His murderous assault upon Imporsani was unprovoked. He did not get too much.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

A very fortunate young man is Mr. J. Logie. Mr. Logie is a hard working and a soft drinking man. This fortunate smasher of rocks at Warren's quarry intended doing one of his chums a favor by feeding the stock for him. And by doing so hangs a tale of good fortune. Mr. Logie secured an axe somewhere and cut away three or four barbed wires that hung to a bale of hay and when the last straw gave way he was almost blinded with the glitter of gold. It almost staggered Mr. Logie to behold the large lump. But upon closer examination it proved to be what he thinks a very valuable timepiece. And he is anxious to have his find kept profoundly secret and sincerely hopes no one will identify the watch. J. S. O'Brien made several fruitless efforts to identify the chain by claiming that he and the blacksmith had forged several links in it. Hoffman claimed to identify the chain as that of "Jones," pile driver weight. Billy Van Dusen claims it is the watch to be given Bob Wilson next Christmas. There has been no one able to identify the timepiece, and in order to clear the way for some one to carry off the prize, the San Bruno scribe will try to describe the much sought for "gold brick." The case has no written guarantee for twenty years; its metal composition is entirely foreign to him, but he firmly believes that the Union Iron Works mixes stuff like it every day or two. The number, 478,201, is printed on the second lid on the inside in box-car letters. The movement is supposed to have been made by the Studebaker Works and has a wheelbarrow escapement. It has no number, but has a redeeming feature in having 42 rock quarry jewels.

Healy, Tibbitts & Co. have nearly completed their contract to drive nearly one hundred piles and also top them in order that S. A. Warren will be able to construct a new wharf by finishing the deck and lay switches for the new side tracks.

The new wharf at Warren's quarry will be 114 feet long and 80 feet wide. It will have a stationary engine and a derrick with an 80-foot boom in order to load the rock on the barges.

Six hundred tons of rock daily has been the record for the past week at the quarry; that's not bad, but will be increased to one thousand tons every twenty-four hours by the 1st of February.

Healy, Tibbitts & Co. placed a new dolphin in the same place where the old one stood that gave way some time ago, and Smith is once more happy.

There has been a great deal of excitement caused all along the San Bruno road by Hoffman, the Santa Fe weigher. He has undertaken to place 1000 reserved seat tickets on sale at 15c per seat, to witness the execution of the quarry timekeeper some nice day of this month. C. Pollard has offered 30 cents for the exclusive privilege of taking electric pictures. Bill Jones has kindly volunteered his good graces by offering his pile driver frame for a gallows; the Dutch comedian wants to oil the wheel; greasy Shaw wants to oil the rope; fat Webber wants to be one of the weights; little Frank will be bottle holder; Harry Day will throw the shag; "Whiskers" wants to blow him up; Geo. Austin says dam—im; and there are a great many others that would like to hand him a "package." This execution will not be held in strict accordance with the law, but the working force of the quarry state that the time has come for something to be done, and there is something going to be did. Smith, "the King of the Wharf," has given the timekeeper the preference of jumping off the wharf at high tide. Something out of the usual has happened, for, ordinarily, this timekeeper is the very acme of courtesy and good-fellowship.

The San Bruno road has assumed a much more prosperous appearance since Darby Sweeney has been placed as head instructor in regard as to how to spread the salve.

D. McKenney will be remembered by a great many Enterprise readers as the man who was taken off of a Folsom street electric car during the strike and severely beaten up. Although Mr. McKenney assured the strikers that he was not a scab and that he volunteered to prove the fact it availed him nothing and he was terribly beaten. We wish to state that Mr. McKenney's statement in regard to his not being a scab is true. And if a reporter's word is not taken in doubt by some skeptic the San Bruno scribe will attest to the fact. Now, Mr. McKenney conceived the idea that a man in order to be a good citizen should be able to protect himself from all such onslaughts and came to the immediate conclusion to be healed for all future occasions of that description. Fortwith he procured a Colt's 38-caliber revolver and firmly made up his mind that if the strikers would only bat an eyelid at him there would be blood, puddles of blood; in fact, he dreamed of blood, and often imagined he was in the Western Meat Company's killing room and waded in blood. His thirst for blood became so chronic that one bright evening he drew his time with the intention of killing not less than 500 of these strikers. Scab! Hey! I'll show them something they have not read in the Bible. These were a few of his casual remarks. Mr. McKenney arrived in the city between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, and immediately proceeded to meet a friend to whom he confided all his secrets; his friend had no desire to see him in any trouble and treated several times in a futile effort to persuade McKenney not to shoot any one. But Dinney had made up his mind and that settled it; of course, they had a few more of those "Bohemian Club packages" and next morning McKenney took an invoice of himself and found 30 cents, that's all.

Tuesday was pay day at the quarry and a great many of the boys were made happy.

NOTES FROM HALFMOON BAY.

Tom Horn and Mrs. Chas. Horn of Redwood City were guests of relatives Saturday and Sunday.

George P. Schaeffer, formerly of this place, is now in Los Banos, Merced county.

There seems to be something wrong with our local emponment system.

The streets are full of stock of various denominations, including equines, bovines and assinines. They have been doing considerable damage and causing much annoyance. A few nights since a mangy horse backed the rear part of its anatomy up against a window in the Quinlan building, ostensibly to scratch off a Spring Valley mosquito bite, and smashed several panes of glass. Mr. Quinlan intends suing the poundmaster's bondsmen for the damages.

It is very probable that Halfmoon Bay will be lighted and heated with natural gas within a few months. Since the recent flattering oil and gas strikes in the Purissima wells, Messrs. Salle, Hayne & Guiberson have in earnest contemplation the project of laying a pipe line to our town. The gas is of a very fine quality, and there seems to be an abundance of it. The wells of Messrs. Frick, Parker and Botts, on the Holtje place, also exude an abundance of gas.—Advocate-Pennant.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All members were present, including Supervisor Debenedetti, who has not attended a session of the board since last October, owing to an accident.

The communication of J. T. Van Why of San Mateo explaining his bid for coal was ordered filed.

The bid of the San Francisco and San Mateo Railway Company offering \$100 for a franchise was accepted. On motion of Eikerenkotter the usual ordinance was adopted. All the members voted for it. By the terms of the sale the company must complete and have the road in operation within three years.

In the absence of a certificate from the architect for the new building at the Poor Farm, the building committee recommended awaiting such report before proceeding with the acceptance of the building.

A communication from George Stone soliciting funds for the McKinley monument was read and ordered filed.

On the suggestion of Supervisors Coleman and Eikerenkotter the bids presented at last meeting for shoes, clothing and coal for the Poor Farm were rejected and the superintendent instructed to purchase these articles in open market.

To the petition of F. M. Steele and others of Pescadero, asking that the State game laws be substituted for the county game laws, was added another from the people of San Gregorio. McCormick moved that the petition be granted. McEvoy and Coleman both spoke against the motion, explaining that the game of the county needed the protection it was at present receiving. Roll call was had as follows: Ayes—Supervisors Eikerenkotter, McCormick and Debenedetti. Noes—Supervisors McEvoy and Coleman.

Debenedetti suggested that some action should be taken to entertain the supervisors of the State who will meet here in May. After much discussion the Chairman appointed the following committee to prepare prospectus and programme for the convention: Geo. C. Ross, G. H. Rice, L. P. Behrens, Geo. W. Lovie, D. E. O'Keefe, J. V. Swift and R. H. Jury. The committee was asked to present a report at the next meeting.

The protest filed by Peter Cronin in connection with the concrete bridge at the foot of Howard hill, San Mateo, was taken up. The Chairman McEvoy said he had inspected the bridge and declared it to be the best ever built in the county. It was a very creditable piece of work and would vote to deny the protest. Surveyor Gilbert explained that he also inspected the bridge and found it to be built according to the specifications. On motion of Eikerenkotter the protest was denied.

The Chairman of the Board was directed to consult some attorney with regard to bringing suit against the California Bridge and Construction Company to recover the sum of \$1400, the amount of damages due by reason of the company's refusal to build the Bear Gulch concrete bridge. The company, about a year ago, was awarded the contract and had filed a bond, as required by law, to build the structure according to the plans and specifications. Subsequently the company learned it had taken the job at too low a figure and flatly refused to proceed. The difference in the contracts, however, was about \$1400, and the Supervisors believe they can recover on the bond.

The Clerk of the Board, in compliance with instructions, has sent out communications to various counties where new courthouses have been recently built for the purposes of securing all the information possible to enable the Board to gain an idea of the proper arrangement of a modern county building.

The board adjourned.

RIGHT-OF-WAY DEEDS FILED.

A matter of considerable importance to this section was the filing, on Thursday, of a large batch of deeds by which numerous parties transfer property along the bay shore to the Southern Pacific Company for right of way. The encouraging announcement is also made that Messrs. Harriman and Kretschmitt have decided upon an early date for the commencement of the work of construction.—Leader, San Mateo.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post-office.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and actively solicit business for a company of solid financial standing. Salary \$15.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash. Hires and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamp envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices and are in demand. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices. HOGS—Hogs are in demand at easier prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9 1/2; 2d quality, 8@8 1/2; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7 1/2; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6 1/2@7; thin Cows, 4@6.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5 1/2@5 3/4; rough heavy hogs, 4@4 1/4.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4@4 1/4; ewes, 3 1/4@3 3/4. Lambs, 4 1/2@5c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5 1/2; over 250 lbs, 4 1/4@4 3/4. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7 1/2@8c; second quality, 6 1/2@7c; first quality cows and heifers, 6 1/4@7c; second quality, 6 1/4 third quality, 5@6c.

VEAL—Large, 7 1/2@8; small, good, 8 1/2 @9 1/2; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7 1/2@8 1/4; Ewes, 7 1/4; Lambs, 8 1/4@9 1/4.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8 1/4@8 3/4. Provisions—Hams, 12@13c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15c; light S. C. bacon, 14c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12 1/2c; clear light, 13c; clear ex. light, 14c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$8.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10 1/2c; do, light, 11c; do, Bellies, 11 1/2c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$21.00; hf-bbls, \$10.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.25; do, kits, \$1.15.

LARD—Prices are \$1 lb: Compound, 8 1/4; 8 1/2; 8 3/4; 9; 9 1/4. Cal. pure, 11 1/2; 11 3/4; 12 1/4; 12 1/2. In 5-lb tins the price on each is 1/4c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.

6 EDDY ST., Rooms 32 & 44, San Francisco.

Painless Extraction a Specialty.

Five years written guarantee with all work.

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Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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BADEN CASH STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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Waing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

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IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor.

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Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

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A BOY VISITS A KING.

FINDS EDWARD OF ENGLAND AN AFFABLE MAN.

Lad on Camera Tour Is Forbidden to Take Picture of Marlborough House, but Is Given an Interview by the Ruler and His Queen.

A Washington high school cadet, who, without influence or introduction, recently had a talk and lunch with King Edward in his palace, thinks the British monarch is almost as democratic in his manners as the new occupant of the White House.

This lad is Wilbur Johnson, son of a Washington storekeeper. He set out alone on a camera tour of England, and incidentally came to Marlborough house, King Edward's residence.

"I handed the guard a piece of silver," remarked the cadet, in telling his adventures, "and went inside the gates. Securing a good view, I planted my tripod and got the focus, when I was startled to see an elderly gentleman standing directly in front of me.

"Hello, sonny. What are you going to do?" he asked.

"He told me I could not take a picture of Marlborough house, that the camera must be stopped somewhere, and that they drew the line at the King's palace."

"I fancied he was a clerk, and, handing him my card, I asked for his. Then I nearly dropped, for he said:

"I haven't a card; I'm the Duke of Argyle."

"Well, when I had recovered, he asked me if I wanted to see the king. That, I assured him, was just what I most desired. He smiled and said he might be able to arrange it. I was to present myself at Marlborough house at 3:30 o'clock. At that hour I handed my card to one of the two guards. He disappeared, and a moment later was back again, bowing and calling my name, 'Mr. Johnson.'

"That room was the most beautiful I ever saw. All mosaic and gilded chairs, and beautiful furnishings. At the farther end—it seemed a long way off to me—stood a man in a black Prince Albert coat alone. I looked at him, and my first thought was 'a big burly man.' Then, when I got to thinking that this man was at the head of all the British empire, I became nervous.

"As I walked toward him I was at a loss to know what to do. I had to decide in a hurry, so I just raised my hand and saluted him as I would salute any officer of our cadets.

"The King's face was very pleasant, and he smiled a little. He returned my salute and extended his hand to me. We shook hands.

"I see you are an officer," began the King, "in some military company."

"No, sir, I am only a private," I answered.

"Ah, I thought you were an officer."

"Then I explained to him that our officers wore shoulder straps. He asked me all about the high school cadets, saying that he'd heard of our companies, and I told him.

"The King smiled now and then. He seemed interested, and asked many questions about the cadets.

"I was terribly upset, for I had no idea what to do when with a king. My face was burning red, and I was always afraid he was going to ask me something I could not answer. He asked me how I liked London, and I assured him that I could not complain.

"There was an interval of silence. I was very much troubled, and would have given a good deal to be well away from that place. I wanted to leave most of the talking to the King, and things were getting awkward.

"At last the King leaned forward and tapped a little silver bell. A servant in gorgeous livery appeared and bowed low before his Majesty. Then he bowed to me. The King ordered tea, and the man brought it to us. It was served in the smallest kind of cups, and without milk or sugar. I was about to ask for these, when I thought that some people don't use them and that it might not be just the right thing. That tea was fine.

"Just after we had tea—the King and I—a tall and very beautiful woman entered. It was Queen Alexandra, but she did not look at all like any of her pictures. She is far better looking. Now, I hadn't expected to see the King, and to meet King and Queen both was a trying ordeal. My face became more red than ever, I suppose, for I did not know just the right thing to do.

"The Queen held out her hand. I walked to her, kneeling, bent over it. Now, I knew better than to kiss her hand, for I had read something about that in books. I took her hand in mine and kissed the back of my own hand. Then the Queen 'raised me,' as you might say."

Young Johnson admits that he was in great confusion, and heartily wished himself safe back in his hotel. The Queen, however, asked him a few questions, and he told her of his little sister and brother, who admired her greatly, he asserted. The Queen said:

"Dear little girl, of the sister, and sent both her love. After a few moments she left the young American again alone with the King.

"Again I did not know what to say," he remarked. "I had read something of the royal jewels having been moved a short time before from the Tower of London to Marlborough house. I had the audacity to ask King Edward to let me see them. He hesitated a second, then assented.

"We went into a smaller room on the side, and then I saw the jewels. Queen Victoria's crown, which weighed thirty-nine ounces, was there, with its sapphires that is supposed to have come

down from Edward the Confessor, and also the sword of Edward the Black Prince; the crown of Mary II.; the sword of Excalibur of King Arthur of the Round Table, and many other wonderful relics. It took us some time to view them, and during this time the King said not a word.

"When we got back I wanted to get away. I was afraid it was not right to take out my watch, but I did so. It was five minutes past 4. I had been with the King half an hour.

"Well, I said, 'I've got to get back.' "The King said 'Good-by' pleasantly, and hoped that I had enjoyed the visit."

ODD INSURANCE CASE.

All Hung Upon Which One of Two Died First.

Justice Kenefick has decided the peculiar Southwell inheritance case, which was tried in the Supreme Court in Buffalo several months ago. Peter Southwell and his second wife were found dead in bed at their home in Austin, Pa., one night in January, 1900. They had been asphyxiated by gas.

Southwell left an insurance policy for \$3,000 issued by the Royal Arcanum and made payable to his second wife. He left two children by his first wife, Johanna and George W. Southwell. They claimed they had inherited the insurance money, but relatives of Mrs. Southwell No. 2 also claimed it. The administrator of the estate, John R. Gray, refused to turn it over to either of the sets of claimants until the courts decided who was entitled to it. Then the Southwell children brought suit in the Supreme Court to collect the money.

Everything hinged on the question of which of the asphyxiated couple died first. If Mrs. Southwell died first, she could not have inherited the insurance that was made payable to her; it would then have reverted to Southwell's next of kin, his two children, but if her death occurred even a single moment later than that of her husband, then the ownership of the money must have passed to her, and upon her death to her next of kin. Those next of kin contended that the husband had died first. Southwell's children held that Mrs. Southwell had died first.

Each side produced numerous medical experts at the trial to prove by the disclosures of the autopsy on the bodies that the particular side they represented was right. The result was that when the trial was finished, the question of survivorship was still a very doubtful one, and the delicate task of settling the case was left to Justice Kenefick.

He spent much time on it and surprised some of those interested by the manner in which he disposed of the case. He decided in favor of the Southwell children, holding in part, as follows:

"It would serve no useful purpose to discuss here the reasons assigned by the various medical witnesses for their answers to this question, inasmuch as the court, after careful consideration, has reached the conclusion that it would be mere conjecture, surmise and speculation to essay the decision of survivorship in this case upon such testimony. This controversy must be determined, therefore, upon the assumption that there is no proof to decide which of these individuals predeceased the other. Under such circumstances the civil law indulges in presumptions based on age and sex to aid in determining the survivorship of persons perishing in a common disaster. The common law, however, recognizes no presumptions on the subject. In the absence of evidence the fact is assumed to be unascertainable, and a rule of distribution has been adopted whereby property rights are disposed of as if death occurred simultaneously.

"Under the certificate of incorporation of the society as well as under its constitution and laws referred to above, this fund was intended for the widow, children, relatives or dependents of the insured; it was not in the power of the insured to designate as beneficiaries the person represented by the defendant. Yet the practical effect of sustaining the defendant's claim would be to divert the fund from the insured's children and pass it directly to the relatives of the beneficiary. Judgment is directed for the plaintiffs accordingly, but without costs."

Cheap Dinners in London.

A company has been formed in London, the promoters of which propose to provide the laboring classes with dinners at the rate of four cents each. The company has built an extensive, complete and central steam bakery and kitchen covering more than an acre of ground, and connected with the principal railways. Here meat, flour, eggs, vegetables and fruit will be received direct from the farms. Prime joints will be sold to consumers. The boiling parts will be converted into dressed provisions, soups, and beef teas to compete with the large importations of foreign meats. The kitchen will prepare family meals in the form of stews or pies, consisting of a pound of meat without bone, six pounds of vegetables, cereals and dried fruit, sufficient to provide a savory dinner for six persons at a cost of 24 cents. The meats used are beef and mutton only. The vegetables range from potatoes to spinach. Of cereals there are twenty-three varieties, including several American breakfast foods. The service of the dinners will be on lines similar to those which workmen have already proved to be successful.

Spanish Income Tax.

The new Spanish income tax schedule is based on the idea of taxing business profits wherever found. Banks must pay 15 per cent of their income to the government, besides 5 per cent more on all dividends paid, while ordinary corporations must pay 12 per cent on income and 8 per cent on dividends.

THE SPONGE MAY SOON BE BARRED FROM CITY SCHOOLS.



The sponge is coming into disfavor in the St. Louis public schools. "There are excellent grounds for the objection, too," says Chief Dispensary Physician Jordan. "They are a good carrier of germs, and extremely liable to be unclean."

"The make-up of the sponge shows the possibility of its retaining germs. For that reason the use of a cloth. One has been largely abandoned in surgery and absorbent cotton used instead. I should recommend the use of a cloth. One of the most dangerous practices in connection with the use of sponges is by children spitting upon a sponge. Diphtheria, tuberculosis and other communicable diseases may be spread by this means. Especially if the sponge were passed from one child to another. Something less expensive and oftener destroyed, like a cloth, would be less dangerous, I believe."

"The use of the sponge is passing in the public schools," stated Assistant School Superintendent Murphy. "The sponge in its very nature is uncleanly, and, of course, children cannot be made to keep them clean. For several years we have been discouraging their use."

THE SNOWDRIFT.

When night dropped down, the fields were dark and dun,
Storm sprites were out—we heard the north wind blow;
Then when arose the slowly wading sun,
Morning came mantled in a robe of snow.

White grew the landscape; every field and knoll
Shone forth transfigured by the snow-storm's spell;
The trees and fences stood in motley droll,
Half dark, half whitened by this miracle.

But where the stone wall held its Parian weight
Of snowdrift, like some Alp or Apennine,
We saw a sculpture man could not create,
Smoothed out and chiseled by some touch divine.

Mute wonder of the myriad molded snow,
Pure as the stars that sentinel the sky,
What art could improvise and fashion so,
Unless some godlike power sped precocious by!

Here plinth and cornice, architrave and frieze,
Lift up a beauty to the day and sun,
Amidst the silver of the tinted trees,
That never Phidias or Canova won.
—Country Life.

A ONE-SIDED WOOLING.

HE was a big-limbed, brown-faced man, and somehow he looked awkward amid the glittering artificiality of a ballroom. He was just the sort of being one associated with big game hunting and the wild regions of the earth. He seemed as much out of place at a dance as a rice pudding in a Parisian menu.

"Miss Bainbridge!"

"Mr. Carlyon!"

The man's voice was apologetic, the girl's frankly amazed.

"Fancy finding you at a dance?" the girl went on, after the first flush of surprise had died a natural death.

"Yes, it's not much in my line. But the fact is—well, I came to see you."

"To see me?"

"Yes. I wanted to ask your advice on a subject that has been worrying me a great deal. You're about the only girl I know whom I thought I could tackle without fear of being laughed at. Can you give me a dance?"

Millicent Bainbridge could hardly help smiling at the almost boyish manner in which the sunburnt young giant voiced his semi-apologetic avowal.

"I shall be delighted," she said, sweetly. "What shall it be?"

"O, I don't care—I mean I do care, only I can't dance, so it can be polka, waltz, or what you will. But I know you're a good dancer, so it had better be one you don't mind sitting out."

"Shall we say number six, polka?"

Number six arrived in due course. By that time Millicent was devoured with curiosity to know what Carlyon could possibly want to ask her advice about. How big and handsome and frank he was! So different to the usual run of men encountered in a London ballroom.

Carlyon bore his partner away in triumph to a secluded corner of the conservatory. As soon as they were seated he burst out:

"I've fallen in love, Miss Bainbridge. I've known you a good long time, and I want you to tell me how a fellow is to make sure of getting a girl to return his affection."

Millicent's face went crimson. Then the color ebbed away.

"Does the girl know you are fond of her?" she said, after a slight pause.

"She hasn't an idea," answered Carlyon emphatically. "And I'm such a rough sort of fellow I don't know how to begin. Supposing you were the girl, now, how would you like the fellow you were going to marry to behave?"

"O, that is soon told," answered Millicent. "In the first place he must be attentive, my knight. He must be ways courteous, always ready to interpret my every fancy. He must send me flowers and sweets, take me to theaters—"

"Must every man do that sort of thing?"

Carlyon rose somewhat heavily.

"Ah, well, he cried, 'I've made an idiot of myself for nothing.'

"For nothing? Am I nothing?"

The young man paused. Something in Millicent's dancing eyes awoke comprehension in his mind, absolutely unused as he was to the bewitching coquetties of the sex capricious.

"You're not laughing at me, Millicent?" he asked soberly.

Millicent grew grave in a moment.

"No, you dear, darling old simpleton," she answered in a voice that made Carlyon's pulses quiver; "there, how does that strike you for a lead?"

And that was all Dick Carlyon's wooing—Chicago Tribune.

Proud of His Position.

One of the Scottish regiments in South Africa has for its regimental pet a huge male ostrich, which has proved itself on several occasions a friend indeed. Its first appearance came about in this way. A party had been sent to destroy a farm house that had been the hiding place of the assassins of several of the men, and, when the house had been emptied of its occupants, the horses and cattle driven off, a fearful noise was heard coming from a little outhouse at the other end of the house.

On opening the door, out stalked the huge bird quite bewildered. Some proposed shooting it, but by general consent it was to be allowed to go. It followed the party, and at once installed himself as one of them. They fed him with part of their own rations, and petted him all round. He loves to march at the head of a party of the regiment, and if the regiment is on the road he is sure to be at the head of the column.

On outpost duty he is a valuable scout, and gives timely warning of approaching danger. Twice has he saved the picket from being cut off, and he is looked on by all as a real hero.

He had been christened by the name of "Bobs," and knows his name well. The regiment does not know what to do with him when the war is at an end, but hope to bring him home.

Unexpected Erudition.

An absent-minded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered. Ova gallinae."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.

He Could Wait.

"Here's the devil to pay," exclaimed the old man, coming in with a handful of bills.

"Don't worry about him, dear," said the wife. "He knows that you'll settle with him hereafter."—Atlanta Constitution.

Not to Be Expected.

"I don't see how he can expect to succeed as an author. Why, he can't write common sense."

"He doesn't have to. All his stories are in dialect."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"DOES THE GIRL KNOW YOU ARE FOND OF HER?"

"Every man who wants to win a woman must be prepared to make sacrifices. Then my lover must study all my whims. He must be able to read me like a book, to be loving and yet masterful, manly yet tender."

Dick Carlyon groaned audibly. "Then it's all up with my ever having a shot at trying to make a girl care for me. I can't do any of the things you mention. I can only be a great clumsy idiot, all right on a horse or behind a gun, but no good at making a girl happy."

"But don't be so downcast, Mr. Carlyon! After all, I've only given you my view. Perhaps the other girl—"

"There is no other girl!"

Again Millicent's face became scarlet.

"Why, what do you mean?" she cried.

"Well—I—O, what an ass I am! I thought—I hoped perhaps you'd give me a lead. It was you I'd fallen in love with, Miss Bainbridge!"

Millicent could hardly keep from bursting into a peal of merry laughter.

"Why on earth didn't you say so at once, Mr. Carlyon?" she cried roguishly. "It would have saved such a lot of trouble. Why, there's the music for the next dance."

OUT OF DEATH'S JAWS

THRILLING RESCUE OF A UTICA WOMAN.

The Story of the Event as Told by Mrs. Tucker—A Horrible Experience With a Happy Ending.

How Mrs. Anna M. Tucker, of 353 Kossuth avenue, Utica, N. Y., was saved from a horrible fate when death's jaws were almost closing upon her is told in the following statement made by her to a reporter.

"It was soon after the birth of my little boy," she said. "Three different doctors had done their best on me, but they all failed to do me any good. My case seemed to be a combination of nervous and stomach troubles. I had fainting spells, my food did not digest and caused me great distress. My head felt very badly and at times I was delirious. I lost in weight from 130 to 98 pounds. I had no color, my feet and hands were cold and my limbs had a prickly sensation as though asleep. I was not refreshed by sleep although I slept heavily."

"I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from a published case similar to mine that had been cured by the pills. I took three or four boxes before I was certain that I was being benefited, but continued their use until I was entirely cured."

"I am glad to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for they are the medicine that saved my life. I do not believe that ordinary medicine could have cured me."

Although Mrs. Tucker was a severe case, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her. Lesser troubles yield even more readily to the potent action of this marvelous medicine. Not only will these pills cure cases similar to Mrs. Tucker's, but they have been proven to be an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and a half (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. They act directly on the blood and nerves. Avoid imitations; substitutes never cured anybody.

He Knew His Friend.

An old German was on his deathbed. In his earlier years he had led a wild life, but since the death of Schneider, one of his boon companions, he had reformed and given up his bad habits.

This Schneider in his day had been a mighty drinker, famous for his capacity and carousals.

The dying man, consoling him with visions of the paradise he would soon enter, telling him that he would meet there his old friends and what a joy it would be to see them all again.

The dying man asked feebly, "Will Schneider be there, your reverence?"

Thinking to give him pleasure, the priest replied, "Yes; Schneider will be there."

"Ach!" said the other. "Dot is very bad. All dose drinkings and eadings and fightings all over again, all dot beer and whisky!"

"But there will be no drinking in heaven," said the priest.

"But you said Schneider would be dere."

"So he will," was the priest's reply.

"Und dere won't be no drinkings, you dink? Ach! You don't know Schneider!"—Lippincott's.

A New Definition.

Ostend—Paw, what is an underwriter?

Father—A woman, I guess; at least she is the one who always adds a postscript.—Chicago News.

If a man is shaped all right and his limbs are as flexible as they should be, he is able to scratch his own back or reach any part of his anatomy. Can you do it?—Atchison Globe.

No External Symptoms.

The blood may be in bad condition, yet with no external signs, no skin eruption or sores to indicate it. The symptoms in such cases being a variable appetite, poor digestion, an indigestible weakness and nervousness, loss of flesh and a general run-down condition of the system—clearly showing the blood has lost its nutritive qualities, has become thin and watery. It is in just such cases that S. S. S. has done some of its quickest and most effective work by building up the blood and supplying the elements lacking to make it strong and vigorous.

"My wife used several bottles of S. S. S., as a blood purifier and to tone up a weak and emaciated system, with very marked effect by way of improvement. We regard it a great tonic and blood purifier."—J. F. Duff, Princeton, Mo.

SSS is the greatest of all tonics, and you will find the appetite improves at once, strength returns, and nervousness vanishes as new rich pure blood once more circulates through all parts of the system.

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. It contains no minerals whatever. Send for our free book on blood and skin diseases and write our physicians for any information or advice wanted. No charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.



The Editor: "Your story — is excellent — and we'll — give you \$11 for it — when it is printed in 1904!"

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory for advice. An inflamed and



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.

ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store.

Refuse of the Universe.

"It was a Beothuk Indian legend that when God made the world he swept the universe of the refuse and cast it into the sea, and when the white men came from the rising place of the sun they called the heap Newfoundland and chose it for a dwelling place," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "It may be so. In its remotest parts Newfoundland might easily be taken for the leavings and rejected materials of the work of creation, there cast away. It is as fertile as an ash heap, which, moreover, it resembles in that it contains scraps of everything which entered into the making of the world—iron, copper, coal, gold and all other treasures under the ground. The interior is a soggy, rock strewn barren, an interminably vast waste, where not so much as a shrub is to be seen and no man chooses to live. Stunted forests fringe coast, a stinky growth of pine and spruce and birch, through which you may walk miles in vain search for a schooner's spar. The shore line is rocky, in some places swept by flood and fire bare of all soil—grim, naked rock. To many a Newfoundlander a sandy beach would be as great a wonder as a horse."

Meerschaum Cost in Making.

A fire in a pipe-maker's shop the other day spoiled the proprietor's stock of meerschaum and incidentally disposed of the idea, common in most smokers' minds, that this commodity is very expensive. Meerschaum itself is not expensive. That used by the manufacturers in this country is imported as raw material from Austria, but most of it is obtained in Asia Minor. Usually there are three or four different grades, running from the rough and mixed to the pure and finely grained article. There is no duty upon it. The chunks, not unlike candle coal in shape, are packed in oblong boxes, about two feet and a half long, a foot wide and a foot high. The raw material is quite brittle and has to be soaked in water before it is used for modeling.

Meerschaum pipes are expensive because much of the material from which the bowls are made has to be thrown away before a piece is found that has no flaws in it. The shavings, however, are never wasted. They are used to make a cheaper grade of pipes which are known as chip meerschaums.—New York Post.

The Scales on the Hair.

If you look at a human hair under the microscope, you will find that its surface is formed of successive overlapping scales. The bristles of the hog bear much resemblance to the human hair, though their diameter is greater and the tielike scales are much finer. Sheep's hair has much coarser scales. It is owing to the existence of these scales that a schoolboy is able by a peculiar process to tell which is the tip and which the other end of a hair rolling it between his finger and thumb. Thus manipulated, the hair always travels in the direction of the base because the edges of the scales prevent it from going the other way.

Anesthetics in China.

A Chinese manuscript in the Paris library proves that anesthetics for surgical purposes were used in China 1,700 years ago. It states that when a surgeon conducted a serious operation he gave a decoction to the patient, who after a few moments became as insensible as if he were dead. Then, as the case required, the surgeon performed the operation—incision or amputation—and removed the cause of the malady. Then he brought together and secured the tissues and applied liniments. "After a certain number of days the patient recovered without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Cups, Brushes and Sponges That Are Left in Barber Shops.

"What becomes of all the old shaving mugs?" was the question asked the barber.

"What becomes of the owners?" was the response.

Neither side seemed disposed to answer the query, and there was an awkward silence. The barber slapped his razor on the stool, smeared some extra lather on the victim's mouth so he wouldn't be inclined to interrupt and said in a stage whisper:

"Now, I'll tell you, but I don't want it shouted from the housetops. We use the mugs again."

He paused and sighed as he tossed the questioner's head the other way.

"Yes," he continued, "we use them again. We don't like to lose customers; but, if we must lose them, why, we don't mind if they leave their cups, etc., behind. It's surprising how many do; but, then, barbers do mostly a 'shifting trade.' It's no secret that we urge customers to have their own cup. Most of them are satisfied if they have a private cup, brush and sponge. We supply them with the man's name on the cup for \$1.50, and our profit on the transaction is 50 cents. When a man has a razor and comb and brush besides the other tools, he generally takes the whole lot away when he's leaving, but countless cups, brushes and sponges are left behind in every barber shop."

"The cups are always good. Many of them contain such common names as John Smith, William Jones, etc., and when some other John Smith or William Jones orders a cup we simply supply him with the cast off one. Sometimes they need a little touching up with gilding; but, on the whole, it's very profitable."

"The brushes and sponges? Oh, we use them on the transients."—New York Telegram.

Treachery of Tropical Nature.

"It is very like a fairy story," said Esther under her breath.

"Very," said he. "And in fairy stories there are witches, enchanters and horrible things that come out of the forest, are not there? Well, so it is there in South America. There is a background of danger. One must keep one's eyes open. Here in England nature is safe and kind, eh? You can play with her as if she were an old tabby cat, but out there she is a striped tiger, beautiful and fierce and never to be trusted."

"There is everlasting strangling going on in the woods. Even the flowers are not kind and harmless. The orchids twist and perch and swing and bloom on branches they are hugging to death. You break a twig of something that looks like a vine, and its milk raises a blister on your hand; you touch what you think is a leaf, and it gallops off on a hundred legs! The animals pretend to be vegetables and the vegetables to be animals. Every living thing is trying to protect itself with all its little might and main and to get the better of its enemies, just as the people in towns do. Oh, the high woods of the Andes are not moral, they are not Christian, I assure you! Nature is opulent, and she is splendid, but she isn't good."—"The Alien," by F. F. Montresor.

Buying and Selling.

"You advertised," said the gullible one, "that you had discovered the key to success."

"True," admitted the fakir.

"Well, it didn't help me a little bit."

"The reason for that," answered the fakir pleasantly, "is that you have been buying the key instead of selling it. It has brought me success."—Chicago Post.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in the United States.

Mr. Isaac Brock of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections."

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements."

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

The Last Execution at Tyburn.

The last execution on a permanent gallows in London took place at Tyburn on Nov. 7, 1783, the malefactor being one John Austin, condemned for highway robbery with violence. For centuries Tyburn had been the scene of executions for criminals condemned in Middlesex, and before the erection of the permanent gibbet occasional hangings had taken place, record existing of the hanging of Judge Tressilian and Nicholas Brembre at that place as far back as 1388.

The gallows consisted of three posts, and around it were open galleries, resembling race stands, in which seats were let. On account of the disgraceful scenes on the road, executions were transferred in 1783 to the area in front of Newgate, despite the objections of residents, and on Dec. 3 of that year the first hanging took place there, when no less than ten were executed.—London Chronicle.

There Were No More Complaints.

A certain Benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behavior. "Really, this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day, on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints I will disinherit her."—London Telegraph.

Figure It Out.

Since the force exerted by the human heart every twenty-four hours is sufficient to lift 120 tons one foot high, when a man tells his sweetheart that "he loves her with all his heart," can it be that he means 10,000 pounds an hour?—New York Times.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Advice to Students. To Whom It May Concern: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical stenographers is, in our judgment, the Gallagher-March, Parrott Building, S. F. Cal. Ernest A. Girvin, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

In a few months an electric tramway will be opened from Naples to the Cook railway station below the summit of Vesuvius.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEAVER & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The best to-day is producing 60 per cent of the world's sugar.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 20th.—For many years Garfield Tea, The Herb Cure, has been earning a reputation that is rare—it is UNIVERSALLY praised! This remedy presents unusual attractions to those in search of health; it is made of HERBS that cure in Nature's way—by removing the cause of disease; it is PURE; it cleanses the system, purifies the blood and establishes a perfect action of the digestive organs. It is equally good for young and old.

The amount of gold coin in actual circulation in the world is estimated by the Bank of England and officials to be about 800 tons.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 24 trial bottle and full particulars. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 281 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The plan of destroying hail clouds by exploding bombs among them was suggested nearly 100 years ago by Professor Parrot of Riga.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Had His Falling Hair Stopped and Dandruff Cured, Without Faith.

H. B. Fletcher, Butte, Mont., Oct. 20, 1899, says: "Like many other people, I have been troubled for years with dandruff, and within the last few months my hair came out so badly that I was compelled to have what I had left clipped very close. A friend recommended Newbro's Herpicide. I confess that I doubted his story; but I gave Herpicide a trial; now my hair is as thick as ever, and entirely free from dandruff. 'Destroy the cause, you remove the effect.' At druggists, \$1.00. Herpicide is a delightful hair dressing for regular use."

The Italian Government has established laboratories of micrograph, bacteriology and chemistry in connection with the National Sanitary Bureau.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Tolstoi's books have been translated into Chinese and Hebrew. In Germany there are 218 translations of books of his, in France 139, in England 176.

La Grippe conquers life—Wizard Oil conquers La Grippe. Your druggist sells Wizard Oil.

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAGEDY.

A Fisherman's Wild Sail to Procure Medical Aid.

"The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "There is none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a well-to-do fisherman who was something of a merchant that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast, for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive. On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snowstorm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing."

"What's the matter with the woman?" the physician asked.

"He was informed. 'The husband minutely described his wife's agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee.'

"I'll take that," said the doctor, 'if you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case.'

"In an open boat!" the husband exclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's condition put such an arrangement beyond the bounds of reason.

"Well, I can't do anything," said the physician. "If you bring her over, I'll attend to her."

"When the husband got back to his home, the child had been born, but the woman died the next day."

Canada's Banking Business.

The banking business in Canada is on a different plan from that in this country. The headquarters of most of the banks throughout the Dominion is in Ontario, either at Hamilton, Kingston or Toronto. Each bank has its central office, generally in one of the cities named, and as many branches as it cares to maintain in different parts of Canada, some of these branches being as far distant as Dawson.

The Peruna Almanac.

The druggists have already been supplied with Peruna almanacs. There is sure to be a great demand for these almanacs on account of the articles on astrology which they contain. The subject of astrology is a very attractive one to most people. The articles on astrology in the Peruna almanac have been furnished by a very competent astrologist, and the mental characteristics of each sign is given, constituting almost a complete horoscope. A list of lucky and unlucky days for each month are given. There will be a great rush for these books. Ask your druggist for one early, before they are all gone.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD

BEARS THIS TRADE MARK
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
THOUGH OFTEN IMITATED AS A SADDLE COAT IT HAS NO EQUAL
ON SALE EVERYWHERE. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ADAMS' IRISH MOSS COUGH BALM
The Safe, Sure and Guaranteed Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, WHOOPING-COUGH, And All Throat and Lung Troubles. Especially adapted to children, being free from opiates, stupefying drugs and dangerous anodynes. Costs but 25c PER BOTTLE. This remedy is put up by Dr. ADAMS who has been making it for 30 years. Many physicians use it in their practice and the results are wonderful. We will cheerfully refund the price if it does not instantly cure. Take it yourself; give it to your children and recommend it to your friends. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

OLIVES—Best Pickle

"GREENBANK" PURE. 100 per cent CAUSTIC POTASH AND POWDERED CAUSTIC SODA.
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For The Farmer and The Housewife

They cost a little more. They are worth a great deal more than the ordinary kind. Sold everywhere. 1902 annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

S. F. N. U.

No. 4, 1902

APPENDICITIS



that dreadful fiend that threatens the life of rich and poor, can attack and kill only those whose bowels are not kept thoroughly cleaned out, purified and disinfected the year round. One whose liver is dead, whose bowels and stomach are full of half decayed food, whose whole body is unclean inside, is a quick and ready victim of appendicitis.

If you want to be safe against the scourge, keep in good health all the time, KEEP CLEAN INSIDE! Use the only tonic laxative, that will make your bowels strong and healthy, and keep them pure and clean, protected against appendicitis and ALL EPIDEMIC DISEASES. It's CASCARETS, that will keep and save you. Take them regularly and you will find that all diseases are absolutely

PREVENTED BY

Cascarets
LIVER TONIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c. NEVER SOLD IN BULK.
ALL DRUGGISTS.

CURE

all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what you are suffering from, take Cascarets to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

GUARANTEED

TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of its merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go buy today, two 50c boxes, give them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied, after using one 50c box, return the unused 50c box and the empty box to us by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ails you—start today. Health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASCARETS. Book free by mail. Address: STERLING REMEDY CO., NEW YORK OR CHICAGO.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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